



Gravelot inv.

J. V. Guiche Sculp



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J. V. de Gucht Sculp

AN 1507/1402

EVENING'S LOVE:

OR, THE

MOCK-ASTROLOGER.

A

COMEDY.

By MR. DRYDEN.



L O N D O N:

Printed, for JACOB TONSON in the *Strand*.

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Evening's Love

OR THE

Mock-A-Thology

BY J. C. C. C.



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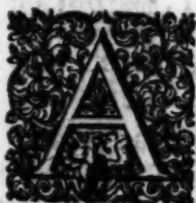
TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM,

Duke of NEWCASTLE,

*One of His Majesty's most Honourable
Privy-Council; and of the most Noble
Order of the Garter, &c.*

May it please Your Grace,



Amongst those few Persons of
Wit and Honour, whose fa-
vourable Opinion I have de-
sir'd, your own Virtue, and my
great Obligations to your Grace,
have justly given you the Pre-
cedence. For what could be more glorious
to me, than to have acquir'd some part of
your

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your Esteem, who are admir'd and honour'd by all good Men ; who have been, for so many Years together, the Pattern and Standard of Honour to the Nation : And whose whole Life has been so great an Example of Heroick Virtue, that we might wonder how it happen'd into an Age so corrupt as ours, if it had not likewise been a Part of the Former ? As you came into the World with all the Advantages of a Noble Birth and Education, so you have render'd both yet more conspicuous by your Virtue. Fortune, indeed, has perpetually crown'd your Undertakings with Success, but she has only waited on your Valour, not conducted it. She has ministr'd to your Glory like a Slave, and has been led in Triumph by it, or at most, while Honour led you by the Hand to Greatness, Fortune only follow'd to keep you from sliding back in the Ascent. That which *Plutarch* accounted her Favour to *Cymon* and *Lucullus*, was but her Justice to your Grace : And, never to have been overcome where you led in Person, as it was more than *Hannibal* could boast, so it was all that Providence could do for that Party which it had resolv'd to ruin. Thus, my Lord, the last Smiles of Victory were on your Arms : And, every where else declaring for the Rebels, she seem'd to suspend her self, and to doubt, before she took her Flight,



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Flight, whether she were able wholly to abandon that Cause for which you fought.

But the greatest Tryals of your Courage and Constancy were yet to come: Many had ventur'd their Fortunes and expos'd their Lives to the utmost Dangers for their King and Country, who ended their Loyalty with the War: And submitting to the Iniquity of the Time, chose rather to redeem their former Plenty by acknowledging an Usurper, than to suffer with an unprofitable Fidelity (as those meaner Spirits call'd it) for their Lawful Sovereign. But, as I dare not accuse so many of our Nobility, who were content to accept their Patrimonies from the Clemency of the Conqueror, and to retain only a secret Veneration for their Prince, amidst the open Worship which they were forc'd to pay to the Usurper, who had dethron'd him; so, I hope, I may have leave to extol that Virtue which acted more generously; and which was not satisfy'd with an inward Devotion to Monarchy, but produc'd it self to view, and asserted the Cause by open Martyrdom. Of these rare Patterns of Loyalty, your Grace was Chief: Those Examples you cou'd not find, you made. Some few *Cato's* there were with you, whose invincible Resolution could not be Conquer'd by that *Usurping Caesar*: Your Virtue oppos'd it self to his Fortune,

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and overcame it, by not submitting to it. The last and most difficult Enterprize he had to effect, when he had conquer'd three Nations, was to subdue your Spirit: And he dy'd weary of that War, and unable to finish it.

In the mean time you liv'd more happily in your Exile, than the other on his Throne: Your Loyalty made you Friends and Servants amongst Foreigners: And you liv'd plentifully without a Fortune; for you liv'd on your own Desert and Reputation. The glorious Name of the Valiant and Faithful *Newcastle*, was a Patrimony which cou'd never be exhausted.

Thus, my Lord, the Morning of your Life was clear and calm; and though it was afterwards overcast, yet, in that general Storm, you were never without a Shelter. And now you are happily arriv'd to the Evening of a Day as Serene, as the Dawn of it was Glorious: But such an Evening as, I hope, and almost Prophecy, is far from Night: 'Tis the Evening of a Summer's Sun, which keeps the Day-light long within the Skies. The Health of your Body is maintain'd by the Vigour of your Mind: Neither does the one shrink from the Fatigue of Exercise, nor the other bend under the Pains of Study. Methinks I behold in you another *Caius Marius*, who, in the Extremity of his Age, exercis'd himself

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himself almost every Morning in the *Campus Martius*, amongst the youthful Nobility of *Rome*. And afterwards in your Retirements, when you do Honour to Poetry, by employing part of your Leisure in it, I regard you as another *Silius Italicus*, who having pass'd over his Consulship with Applause, dismiss'd himself from Business, and from the Gown, and employ'd his Age, amongst the Shades, in the Reading and Imitation of *Virgil*.

In which, lest any thing should be wanting to your Happiness, you have, by a rare Effect of Fortune, found in the Person of your Excellent Lady, not only a *Lover*, but a Part'ner of your Studies. A Lady whom our Age may justly equal with the *Sappho* of the *Greeks*, or the *Sulpitia* of the *Romans*. Who, by being taken into your Bosom, seems to be inspir'd with your Genius: And by writing the History of your Life, in so masculine a Style, has already plac'd you in the Number of the Heroes. She has anticipated that great Portion of Fame, which Envy often hinders a living Virtue from possessing: Which wou'd, indeed, have been given to your Ashes, but with a later Payment: And of which you could have no present use, except it were by a secret Presage of that which was to come, when you were no longer in a Possibility of

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knowing it. So that if that were a Praise or Satisfaction to the greatest of Emperors, which the most Judicious of Poets gives him,

Præfenti tibi maturos largimur honores, &c.

That the Adoration which was not allowed to *Hercules* and *Romulus* till after Death, was given to *Augustus* living; then certainly it cannot be deny'd but that your Grace has receiv'd a double Satisfaction: The one, to see your self Consecrated to Immortality while you are yet alive: The other, to have your Praises celebrated by so Dear, so Just, and so Pious an Historian.

'Tis the Consideration of this that stops my Pen: Though I am loth to leave so fair a Subject, which gives me as much field as Poetry could wish, and yet no more than Truth can justify. But to attempt any thing of a Panegyrick, were to Enterprize on your Lady's Right; and to seem to affect those Praises, which none but the Dutcheſs of *Newcastle* can deserve, when she Writes the Actions of her Lord. I shall therefore leave that wider Space, and contract my self to these narrow Bounds which best become my *Fortune* and *Employment*.

I am oblig'd, my Lord, to return you not only my own Acknowledgments, but to
thank

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thank you in the Names of former Poets; the *Manes* of *Jabynson* and *D'Avenant* seem to require it from me, that those Favours which you plac'd on them, and which they wanted Opportunity to own in Publiick, yet might not be lost to the Knowledge of Posterity, with a Forgetfulness unbecoming of the Muses, who are the Daughters of Memory. And give me Leave, my Lord, to avow so much of Vainety, as to say, I am proud to be their Remembrancer: For, by relating how Gracious you have been to them, and are to me, I, in some measure, join my Name with Theirs: And the continu'd Descent of your Favours to me, is the best Title which I can plead for my Succession. I only wish, that I had as great Reason to be satisfy'd with my self, in the return of our common Acknowledgments, as your Grace may justly take in the conferring *Them*: For I cannot but be very sensible that the Present of an ill Comedy, which I here make you, is a very unsuitable Way of giving Thanks for them, who, themselves, have written so many better. This pretends to nothing more than to be a Foil to those Scenes, which are compos'd by the most noble Poet of our Age, and Nation: And to be set as a Water-Mark of the lowest *Ebb*, to which the Wit of my Predecessor has sunk and run down in me:
But,

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But, though all of them have surpass'd me
in the *Scene* ; there is one Part of Glory in
which I will not yield to any of them : I
mean, my Lord, that Honour and Venera-
tion which they had for you in their Lives ;
and which I preserve after them, more Ho-
lily than the Vestal Fires were maintain'd
from Age to Age ; but with a greater De-
gree of Heat, and of Devotion than theirs,
as being with more Respect and Passion than
they ever were,

Your GRACE's

Most Obliged, most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.





THE
P R E F A C E.



Had thought, Reader, in this Preface to have written somewhat concerning the Difference betwixt the Plays of our Age, and those of our Predecessors on the English Stage: To have shewn in what Parts of Dramatick Poesy we were excell'd by Ben Johnson, I mean, Humour, and Contrivance of Comedy; and in what we may justly claim Precedence of Shakespear and Fletcher, namely in Heroick Plays: But this Design I have wav'd on second Considerations; at least deferr'd it till I publish the Conquest of Granada, where the Discourse will be more proper. I had also prepar'd to treat of the Improvement of our Language since Fletcher's and Johnson's Days, and consequently of our refining the Courtship, Raillery, and Conversation of Plays: But as I am willing to decline that Envy which I should draw on my self from some old Opinatre Judges of the Stage; so likewise I am prest in Time so much that I have not leisure, at present, to
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go thorough with it. Neither, indeed, do I value a Reputation gain'd from Comedy, so far as to concern myself about it any more than I need must in my own Defence: For I think it, in its own Nature, inferior to all sorts of Dramatick writing. Low Comedy especially requires, on the Writer's part, much of Conversation with the Vulgar: And much of ill Nature in the Observation of their Follies. But let all Men please themselves according to their several Tastes: That which is not pleasant to me, may be to others who judge better: and, to prevent an Accusation from my Enemies, I am sometimes ready to imagine that my Disgust of Low Comedy proceeds not so much from my Judgment as from my Temper; which is the Reason why I so seldom write it; and that when I succeed in it, (I mean so far as to please the Audience) yet I am nothing satisfy'd with what I have done; but am often vex'd to hear the People laugh, and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intended 'em no Jest; while they let pass the better things without taking notice of them. Yet even this confirms me in my Opinion of slighting popular Applause, and of contemning that Approbation which those very People give, equally with me, to the Zany of a Mountebank; or to the Appearance of an Antick on the Theater, without Wit on the Poet's part, or any occasion of Laughter from the Actor, besides the Ridiculousness of his Habit and his Grimaces.

But I have descended, before I was aware, from Comedy to Farce; which consists principally of Grimaces. That I admire not any Comedy equally with Tragedy, is, perhaps, from the Sullenness of my Humour; but that I detest those Farces, which are now the most frequent Entertainments of the Stage, I am sure I have Reason on my Side. Comedy consists, though of low Persons, yet of natural Actions and

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Characters; I mean such Humours, Adventures and Designs, as are to be found, and met with in the World. Farce, on the other side, consists of forc'd Humours, and unnatural Events. Comedy presents us with the Imperfections of human Nature: Farce entertains us with what is monstrous and obimerical. The one causes Laughter in those who can judge of Men and Manners, by the lively Representation of their Folly or Corruption: The other produces the same Effect in those who can judge of neither, and that only by its Extravagances. The first works on the Judgment and Fancy; the latter on the Fancy only: There is more of Satisfaction in the former Kind of Laughter, and in the latter more of Scorn. But, how it happens that an impossible Adventure should cause our Mirth, I cannot so easily imagine. Something there may be in the Oddness of it, because on the Stage it is the common Effect of Things unexpected, to surprize us into a Delight: And that is to be ascrib'd to the strange Appetite, as I may call it, of the Fancy, which, like that of a longing Woman, often runs out into the most extravagant Desires; and is better satisfy'd sometimes with Loom, or with the Rinds of Trees, than with the wholesome Nourishments of Life. In short, there is the same Difference betwixt Farce and Comedy, as betwixt an Empirique, and a true Physician: Both of them may attain their Ends; but what the one performs by Hazard, the other does by Skill. And as the Artist is often unsuccessful, while the Mountebank succeeds; so Farces more commonly take the People than Comedies. For to write unnatural Things is the most probable Way of pleasing them, who understand not Nature. And a true Poet often misses of Applause, because he cannot debase himself to write so Ill as to please his Audience.

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*After all, it is to be acknowledg'd, that most of those Comedies, which have been lately written, have been ally'd too much to Farce: And this must of Necessity fall out till we forbear the Translation of French Plays: For their Poets wanting Judgment to make, or to maintain true Characters, strive to cover their Defects with ridiculous Figures and Grimaces. While I say this, I accuse my self as well as others: And this very Play would rise up in Judgment against me, if I would defend all things I have written to be natural: But I confess I have given too much to the People in it, and am asham'd for them as well as for my self, that I have pleas'd them at so cheap a Rate: Not that there is any thing here which I would not defend to an ill-natur'd Judge: (For I despise their Censures, who I am sure wou'd write worse on the same Subject:) But, because I love to deal clearly and plainly, and to speak of my own Faults with more Criticism than I would of another Poet's. Yet I think it no Vanity to say, that this Comedy has as much of Entertainment in it, as many others which have been lately written: And, if I find my own Errors in it, I am able at the same time to arraign all my Contemporaries for greater. As I pretend not that I can write Humour, so none of them can reasonably pretend to have written it as they ought: Johnson was the only Man of all Ages and Nations who has perform'd it well; and that but in three or four of his Comedies: The rest are but a Crambe bis cocta; the same Humours a little vary'd and written worse: Neither was it more allowable in him, than it is in our present Poets, to represent the Follies of particular Persons; of which many have accus'd him. *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis* is the Rule of Plays. And Horace tells you, that the old Comedy amongst the Grecians was silenc'd for the too great Liberties of the Poets.*

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— In vitium libertas excidit & vim
Dignam lege regi: Lex est accepta, chorusque
Turpiter obtineat, sublato jure nocendi.

*Of which he gives you the Reason in another Place:
Where having given the Precept,*

Neve immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta:

He immediately subjoins,

Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res.

But Ben Johnson is to be admir'd for many Excellencies; and can be taxed with fewer Failings than any English Poet. I know I have been accus'd as an Enemy of his Writings; but without any other Reason, than that I do not admire him blindly, and without looking into his Imperfections. For why should he only be exempted from those Frailties, from which Homer and Virgil are not free? Or why should there be any ipse dixit in our Poetry, any more than there is in our Philosophy? I admire and applaud him where I ought: Those who do more, do but value themselves in their Admiration of him: And, by telling you they extol Ben Johnson's Way, would insinuate to you that they can practise it. For my Part, I declare that I want Judgment to imitate him: And should think it a great Impudence in my self to attempt it. To make Men appear pleasantly Ridiculous on the Stage, was, as I have said, his Talent: And in this he needed not the Acumen of Wit, but that of Judgment. For the Characters and Representations of Folly are only the Effects of Observation; and Observation

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servation is an Effect of Judgment. Some ingenious Men, for whom I have a particular Esteem, have thought I have much injur'd Ben Johnson, when I have not allow'd his Wit to be extraordinary: But they confound the Notion of what is Witty, with what is pleasant. That Ben Johnson's Plays were pleasant, he must want Reason who denies: But that Pleasantness was not properly Wit, or the Sharpness of Conceit; but the natural Imitation of Folly: Which I confess to be excellent in its Kind, but not to be of that Kind which they pretend. Yet if we believe Quintilian in his Chapter de Movendo risu, he gives his Opinion of both in these following Words. Stulta reprehendere facillimum est; nam per se sunt ridicula: Et a derisu non procul abest risus: Sed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.

And some perhaps wou'd be apt to say of Johnson, as it was said of Demosthenes; Non displicuisse illi jocos, sed non contigisse. I will not deny, but that I approve most the mixt way of Comedy; that to which neither is all Wit, nor all Humour, but the Result of both. Neither so little of Humour as Fletcher shews, nor so little of Love and Wit as Johnson. Neither all Cheat, with which the best Plays of the one are fill'd, nor all Adventure, which is the common Practise of the other. I would have the Characters well chosen, and kept distant from interfering with each other; which is more than Fletcher or Shakespear did: But I would have more of the Urbana, venusta, salsa, faceta, and the rest which Quintilian reckons up as the Ornaments of Wit; and these are extremely wanting in Ben Johnson. As for Repartee in particular; as it is the very Soul of Conversation, so it is the greatest Grace of Comedy, where it is proper to the Characters: there may be much of Acuteness in a thing well

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well said; but there is more in a quick Reply: *Sunt enim longè venustiora omnia in respondendo quàm in provocando.* Of one thing I am sure, that no Man ever will decry Wit, but he who despairs of it himself; and who has no other Quarrel to it, but that which the Fox had to the Grapes. Yet, as Mr. Cowley (who had a greater Portion of it than any Man I know) tells us in his Character of Wit, Rather than all be Wit, let there be none; I think there's no Folly so great in any Part of our Age, as the Superfluity and Waste of Wit was in some of our Predecessors: Particularly we may say of Fletcher, and of Shakespear, what was said of Ovid, *In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici, quàm quod adjici potest, invenies.* The contrary of which was true in Virgil, and our incomparable Johnson.

Some Enemies of Repartee have observ'd to us, that there is a great Latitude in their Characters, which are made to speak it: And that it is easier to write Wit than Humour; because in the Characters of Humour, the Poet is confin'd to make the Person speak what is only proper to it: Whereas all kind of Wit is proper in the Character of a witty Person. But, by their Favour, there are as different Characters in Wit as in Folly. Neither is all kind of Wit proper in the Mouth of every ingenious Person. A witty Coward, and a witty Brave, must speak differently. Falstaff and the Lyar, speak not like Don John in the Chances, and Valentine in Wit without Money. And Johnson's Truwit in the Silent Woman, is a Character different from all of them. Yet it appears that this one Character of Wit was more difficult to the Author, than all his Images of Humour in the Play: For those he could describe and manage from his Observation of Men;

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Men; this he has taken, at least a Part of it, from Books: Witness the long Speeches in the first Act, translated verbatim out of Ovid de Arte Amandi. To omit what afterwards he borrowed from the sixth Satyr of Juvenal against Women.

However, if I should grant, that there were a greater Latitude in Characters of Wit, than in those of Humour; yet that Latitude would be of small Advantage to such Poets, who have too narrow an Imagination to write it. And to entertain an Audience perpetually with Humour, is to carry them from the Conversation of Gentlemen, and treat them with the Follies and Extravagancies of Bedlam.

I find I have launch'd out farther than I intended in the Beginning of this Preface. And that in the Heat of Writing, I have touch'd at something, which I thought to have avoided. 'Tis time now to draw homeward; and to think rather of defending my self, than assaulting others. I have already acknowledg'd that this Play is far from Perfect: But I do not think my self oblig'd to discover the Imperfections of it to my Adversaries, any more than a guilty Person is bound to accuse himself before his Judges. 'Tis charg'd upon me that I make debauch'd Persons (such as, they say, my Astrologer and Gamester are) my Protagonists, or the chief Persons of the Drama; and that I make them happy in the Conclusion of my Play; against the Law of Comedy, which is to reward Virtue, and punish Vice. I answer first, that I know no such Law to have been constantly observ'd in Comedy, either by the ancient or modern Poets. Chærea is made happy in the Eunuch, after having deflower'd a Virgin: And Terence generally does the same through all his Plays, where you perpetually see, not only debauch'd young Men enjoy their Mistresses, but
even

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even the Courtezans themselves rewarded and honour'd in the Catastrophe. The same may be observ'd in Plautus almost every where. Ben Johnson himself, after whom I may be proud to Err, has given me more than once the Example of it. That in the Alchymist is notorious, where Face, after having contriv'd and carry'd on the great Cognage of the Play, and continued in it without Repentance to the last, is not only forgiven by his Master, but enrich'd by his Consent, with the Spoils of those whom he had cheated. And, which is more, his Master himself, a grave Man, and a Widower, is introduc'd taking his Man's Counsel, debauching the Widow first, in hope to marry her afterward. In the Silent Woman, Dauphine, (who, with the other two Gentlemen, is of the same Character with my Celadon in the Maiden Queen, and with Wildblood in this) professes himself in Love with all the Collegiate Ladies: And they likewise are all of the same Character with each other, excepting only Madam Otter, who has something singular: Yet this naughty Dauphine is crown'd in the End with the Possession of his Uncle's Estate, and with the Hopes of enjoying all his Mistresses. And his Friend, Mr. Truewit, [the best Character of a Gentleman which Ben Johnson ever made] is not asham'd to Pimp for him. As for Beaumont and Fletcher, I need not alledge Examples out of them; for that were to quote almost all their Comedies. But now it will be objected that I patronize Vice by the Authority of former Poets, and extenuate my own Faults by Recrimination. I answer, that as I defend my self by their Example; so that Example I defend by Reason, and by the End of all Dramatick Poesy. In the first Place, therefore, give me leave to shew you their Mistake, who have accus'd

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cou'd me. They have not distinguish'd, as they
 ought, betwixt the Rules of Tragedy and Comedy.
 In Tragedy, where the Actions and Persons are
 great, and the Crimes horrid, the Laws of Justice
 are more strictly to be observ'd; and Examples of
 Punishment to be made, to deter Mankind from the
 Pursuit of Vice. Faults of this kind have been
 rare amongst the ancient Poets: For they have pu-
 nish'd in Oedipus, and in his Posterity, the Sin
 which he knew not he had committed. Medea is
 the only Example I remember at present, who es-
 capes from Punishment after Murder. Thus Tra-
 gedies fulfil one great Part of its Institution; which
 is by Example to instruct. But in Comedy it is
 not so; for the chief End of it is Divertisement and
 Delight: And that so much, that it is disputed, I
 think, by Heinsius, before Horace his Art of Poe-
 try, whether Instruction be any Part of its Employ-
 ment. At least I am sure it can be but its secon-
 dary End: For the Business of the Poet is to make
 you laugh: When he writes Humour, he makes
 Folly ridiculous; when Wit, he moves you, if not
 always to Laughter, yet to a Pleasure that is more
 noble. And if he works a Cure on Folly, and the
 small Imperfections in Mankind, by exposing them
 to publick View, that Cure is not perform'd by an
 immediate Operation. For it works first on the
 Nature of the Audience; they are mov'd to laugh
 by the Representation of Deformity; and the Shame
 of that Laughter, teaches us to amend what is ridi-
 culous in our Manners. This being then esta-
 blish'd, that the first End of Comedy is Delight, and
 Instruction only the second; it may reasonably be in-
 ferr'd, that Comedy is not so much oblig'd to the Pu-
 nishment of the Faults which it represents, as Tra-
 gedies. For the Persons in Comedy are of a lower
 Quality,

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Quality, the Action is little, and the Faults and Vices are but the Gallies of Youth, and the Frailities of human Nature, and not premeditated Crimes: Such to which all Men are obnoxious; not such as are attempted only by few, and those abandon'd to all Sense of Virtue: Such as move Pity and Com-miseration; not Detestation and Horror; such, in short, as may be forgiven; not such as must of Ne-cessity be punish'd. But, lest any Man should think that I write this to make Libertinism amia-ble; or that I car'd not to debase the End and In-stitution of Comedy, so I might thereby maintain my own Errors, and those of better Poets; I must further declare, both for them, and for my self, that we make not vicious Persons happy, but only as Heaven makes Sinners so: That is, by reclaiming them first from Vice. For so 'tis to be suppos'd they are, when they resolve to marry; for then enjoying what they desire in one, they cease to pursue the Love of many. So Cherea is made happy by Te-rence, in marrying her whom he had desflour'd: And so are Wildblood and the Astrologer in this Play.

There is another Crime with which I am charg'd, at which I am yet much less concern'd, because it does not relate to my Manners, as the former did, but only to my Reputation as a Poet: A Name, of which I assure the Reader I am nothing proud; and therefore cannot be very solicitous to defend it. I am tax'd with stealing all my Plays, and that by some, who should be the last Men from whom I would steal any Part of 'em. There is one Answer which I will not make; but it has been made for me, by him to whose Grace and Patronage I owe all things,

Et

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Et spes & ratio studiorum, in Cæsare tantum ;

and without whose Command they should no longer be troubled with any thing of mine, That he only desir'd, that they who accus'd me of Theft, would always steal him Plays like mine. But though I have reason to be proud of this Defence, yet I should wave it, because I have a worse Opinion of my own Comedies, than any of my Enemies can have. 'Tis true, that where-ever I have lik'd any Story in a Romance, Novel, or foreign Play, I have made no Difficulty, nor ever shall, to take the Foundation of it, to build it up, and to make it proper for the English Stage. And I will be so vain to say, it has lost nothing in my Hands : But it always cost me so much Trouble to heighten it for our Theater, (which is incomparably more Curious in all the Ornaments of Dramatick Poesy, than the French or Spanish) that when I had finish'd my Play, it was like the Hulk of Sir Francis Drake, so strangely alter'd, that there scarce remain'd any Plank of the Timber which first built it. To witness this, I need go no farther than this Play : It was first Spanish, and call'd *El Astrologo fingido*; then made French by the Younger Corneille : And is now translated into English, and in Print, under the Name of *The Feign'd Astrologer*. What I have perform'd in this will best appear by comparing it with those : You will say that I have rejected some Adventures which I judg'd were not divertising : That I have heighten'd those which I have chosen, and that I have added others, which were neither in the French nor Spanish. And besides you will easily discover, that the Walk of the Astrologer is the least considerable in my Play : For the Design of it turns more on the Parts of Wildblood and Jacinta,

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Jacintha, who are the chief Persons in it. I have farther to add, that I seldom use the Wit and Language of any Romance, or Play, which I undertake to alter : Because my own Invention (as bad as it is) can furnish me with nothing so dull as what is there. Those who have call'd Virgil, Terence, and Tasso Plagiaries (though they much injur'd them) had yet a better Colour for their Accusation : For Virgil has evidently translated Theocritus, Hesiod and Homer, in many Places : besides what he has taken from Ennius in his own Language. Terence was not only known to translate Menander, (which he avows also in his Prologues) but was said also to be helpt in those Translations by Scipio the African, and Lælius. And Tasso, the most excellent of modern Poets, and whom I reverence next to Virgil, has taken both from Homer many admirable things which were left untouch'd by Virgil, and from Virgil himself where Homer cou'd not furnish him. Yet the Bodies of Virgil's and Tasso's Poems were their own : And so are all the Ornaments of Language and Elocution in them. The same (if there were any thing commendable in this Play) I could say for it. But I will come nearer to our own Countrymen. Most of Shakespear's Plays, I mean the Stories of them, are to be found in the Hecatommuthi, or hundred Novels of Cinthio. I have, myself, read in his Italian, that of Romeo and Juliet, the Moor of Venice, and many others of them. Beaumont and Fletcher had most of theirs from Spanish Novels : Witness the Chances, the Spanish Curate, Rule a Wife and have a Wife, the Little French Lawyer, and so many others of them as compose the greatest Part of their Volume in Folio. Ben Johnson, indeed, has design'd his Plots himself ; but no Man has borrow'd so much from the Ancients as he has done : And he

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did well in it, for he has thereby beautify'd our Language.

*But these little Criticks do not well consider what is the Work of a Poet, and what the Graces of a Poem: The Story is the least Part of either: I mean the Foundation of it, before it is modell'd by the Art of him who writes it; who forms it with more Care, by exposing only the beautiful Parts of it to View, than a skilful Lapidary sets a Jewel. On this Foundation of the Story, the Characters are rais'd: And, since no Story can afford Characters enough for the Variety of the English Stage, it follows, that it is to be alter'd, and enlarg'd, with new Persons, Accidents and Designs, which will almost make it new. When this is done, the forming it into Acts and Scenes, disposing of Actions and Passions into their proper Places, and beautifying both with Descriptions, Similitudes, and Propriety of Language, is the principal Employment of the Poet; as being the largest Field of Fancy, which is the principal Quality requir'd in him: For so much the word *mounts* implies. Judgment, indeed, is necessary in him; but 'tis Fancy that gives the Life-touches, and the secret Graces to it; especially in serious Plays, which depend not much on Observation. For to write Humour in Comedy (which is the Theft of Poets from Mankind) little of Fancy is requir'd; the Poet observes only what is ridiculous and pleasant Folly, and by judging exactly what is so, he pleases in the Representation of it.*

But in general, the Employment of a Poet, is like that of a curious Gunsmith, or Watchmaker: The Iron and Silver is not his own; but they are the least Part of that which gives the Value: The Price lies wholly in the Workmanship. And he who works dully on a Story, without moving Laughter in a Comedy,

or



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or raising Concernments in a serious Play, is no more to be accounted a good Poet, than a Gunsmith of the Minorities is to be compared with the best Workman of the Town.

But I have said more of this than I intended; and more, perhaps, than I needed to have done: I shall but laugh at them hereafter, who accuse me with so little Reason; and withal condemn their Dulness, who, if they could ruin that little Reputation I have got, and which I value not, yet would want both Wit and Learning to establish their own; or to be remembered in after-Ages for any thing, but only that which makes them ridiculous in this.





P R O L O G U E.

WHEN first our Poet set himself to write,
Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-Night,
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lie in quiet for him:
But now his Honey-Moon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful Drudgery must last:
And he is bound, as civil Husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you:
To write in Pain, and counterfeit a Bliss,
Like the faint Smacking of an after-Kiss.
But you, like Wives ill pleas'd, supply his Want;
Each Writing Monsieur is a fresh Gallant:
And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well before,
Yet still there's something in a new Amour.
Your several Poets work with several Tools,
One gets you Wits, another gets you Fools:
This pleases you with some By-stroke of Wit,
This finds some Cranny that was never hit.
But should these janty Lovers daily come
To do your Work, like your good Man at home,
Their fine small-timber'd Wits would soon decay;
These are Gallants but for a Holliday.
Others you had who oftner have appear'd,
Whom, for meer Impotence, you have cashier'd:



Such

PROLOGUE.

*Such as at first came on with Pomp and Glory,
But, over-straining, soon fell flat before ye.
Their useless Weight with Patience long was born;
But at the last you threw 'em off with Scorn.
As for the Poet of this present Night,
Though now he claims in you a Husband's Right,
He will not hinder you of fresh Delight.
He, like a Seaman, seldom will appear;
And means to trouble Home but thrice a Year:
That only Time from your Gallants he'll borrow;
Be kind to Day, and Cuckold him to Morrow.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Wildblood, } *Two young English* } Mr. Hart.
 Bellamy, } *Gentlemen.* } Mr. Mohun.
 Maskall, *their Servant.* } Mr. Shatterel.
 Don Alonzo de Ribera, *an old* } Mr. Winterthal.
 Spanish Gentleman. }
 Don Lopez de Gamboa, *a young* } Mr. Burt.
 Noble Spaniard. }
 Don Melchior de Guzman, *a Gentleman of a great Family; but of* }
 a decay'd Fortune. } Mr. Lydal.

W O M E N.

Donna Theodosia, } *Daughters to* } Mrs. Bowtel.
 Donna Jacintha, } *Don Alonzo.* } Mrs. Ellen Guynn.
 Donna Aurelia, *their Cousin.* } Mrs. Marshal, and
 formerly by Mrs. Quin. }
 Beatrix, *Woman and Confident to* } Mrs. Knepp.
 the two Sisters. }
 Camilla, *Woman to Aurelia.* } Mrs. Betty Slate.

Servants to Don Lopez, and Don Alonzo.

The SCENE *Madrid* in the Year 1665.

The Time, the last Evening of the Carnival.





A N

EVENING'S LOVE:

OR, THE

MOCK-ASTROLOGER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Don Lopez, and a Servant walking over the Stage.
Enter another Servant, and follows him.*

SERVANT.



ON Lopez.

Lop. Any new Business?

Serv. My Master had forgot this Letter;
Which he conjures you, as you are his
Friend,

To give *Aurelia* from him.

Lop. Tell Don Melchior

'Tis a hard Task which he enjoins me :
He knows I love her, and much more than he ;
For I love her alone, but he divides

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His Passion betwixt two; Did he consider
How great a Pain 'tis to dissemble Love,
He would never practise it.

Serv. He knows his Fault, but cannot mend it.

Lop. To make the poor *Aurelia* believe
He's gone for *Flanders*, whilst he lies conceal'd,
And every Night makes Visits to her Cousin.
When will he leave this strange Extravagance?

Serv. When he can love one more, or t'other less.

Lop. Before I lov'd my self, I promis'd him
To serve him in his Love; and I'll perform it,
Howe'er repugnant to my own Concernments.

Serv. You are a noble Cavalier. [Exit Servant.]

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, and Maskall.

2 Serv. Sir, your Guests of the *English* Ambassador's
Retinue.

Lop. Cavaliers, will you please to command my Coach,
to take the Air this Evening?

Bel. We have not yet resolv'd how to dispose of our
selves; but however we are highly acknowledging to you
for your Civility.

Lop. You cannot more oblige me, than by laying your
Commands on me.

Wild. We kiss your Hand. [Exit Lopez and Serv.]

Bel. Give the Don his due, he entertain'd us nobly this
Carnival.

Wild. Give the Devil the Don for any thing I lik'd
in his Entertainment.

Bel. I hope we had Variety enough.

Wild. Ay, it look'd like Variety, till we came to taste
it; there were twenty several Dishes to the Eye, but in
the Palate nothing but Spices. I had a mind to eat of a
Pheasant, and as soon as I got it into my Mouth, I found
I was chawing a Limb of Cinamon; then I went to cut
a piece of Kid, and no sooner it had touch'd my Lips, but
it turn'd to red Pepper: At last I began to think my self
another kind of *Midus*, that every thing I touch'd should
be turn'd to Spice.

Bel. And for my part, I imagin'd his Catholick Majesty
had invited us to eat his *Indies*. But pr'ythee let's leav
the



the Discourse of it, and contrive together how we may spend the Evening; for in this hot Country, 'tis as in the Creation, the Evening and the Morning make the Day.

Wild. I have a little serious Business.

Bel. Put it off till a fitter Season: For the Truth is, Business is then only tolerable, when the World and the Flesh have no Baits to set before us for the Day.

Wild. But mine perhaps is publick Business.

Bel. Why, is any Business more publick than Drinking and Wenching? Look on those grave plodding Fellows, that pass by us as tho' they were meditating the Reconquest of *Flanders*: Fly 'em to a Mark, and I'll undertake three Parts of four are going to their Courtezans. I tell thee, *Jack*, the Whisking of a Silk-Gown, and the Rash of a Tabby-Petticoat, are as comfortable Sounds to one of these rich Citizens, as the Chink of their Pieces of Eight.

Wild. This being granted to be the common Design of human Kind, 'tis more than probable 'tis yours; therefore I'll leave you to the Prosecution of it.

Bel. Nay, good *Jack*, mine is but a Mistress in Embryo; the Possession of her is at least some Days off, and till that time, thy Company will be pleasant, and may be profitable to carry on the Work. I would use thee like an under-kind of Chymist, to blow the Coals; 'twill be time enough for me to be alone, when I come to Projection.

Wild. You must excuse me, *Frank*; I have made an Appointment at the Gaming-House.

Bel. What to do there, I prythee? To mis-spend that Money which kind Fortune intended for a Mistress? Or to learn new Oaths and Curses to carry into *England*? That is not it — I heard you were to marry when you left Home: Perhaps that may be still running in your Head, and keep you virtuous.

Wild. Marriage quoth a! what, dost thou think I have been bred in the Deserts of *Africa*, or among the Savages of *America*? Nay, if I had, I must needs have known better things than so; the Light of Nature would not have let me gone so far astray.

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Bel. Well! what think you of the *Prado* this Evening?

Wild. Pox upon't, 'tis worse than our *Contemplative Hide-Park*.

Bel. Oh! but we must submit to the Custom of the Country for Courtship: Whatever the Means are, we are sure the End is still the same in all Places. But who are these?

Enter Don Alonzo de Ribera, with his two Daughters Theodosia and Jacintha, and Beatrix their Woman, passing by.

Theo. Do you see those Strangers, Sister, that eye us so earnestly?

Jac. Yes, and I guess 'em to be Feathers of the *English* Ambassador's Train; for I think I saw 'em at the grand Audience——And have the strongest Temptation in the World to talk to 'em: A Mischief on this Modesty.

Beat. A Mischief of this Father of yours that haunts you so.

Jac. 'Tis very true, *Beatrix*; for though I am the younger Sister, I should have the Grace to lay Modesty first aside: However, Sister, let us pull up our Vails, and give 'em an Essay of our Faces.

[They pull up their Vails, and pull 'em down again.]

Wild. Ah *Bellamy*! undone, undone! dost thou see those Beauties?

Bel. Pr'ythee *Wildbood* hold thy Tongue, and do not spoil my Contemplation; I am undoing my self as fast as e'er I can too.

Wild. I must go to 'em.

Bel. Hold, Madman! dost thou not see their Father? Hast thou a mind to have our Throats cut?

Wild. By a *Hector* of fourscore? Hang our Throats; what, a Lover and cautious? *[Is going towards them.]*

Alon. Come away, Daughters, we shall be late else.

Bel. Look you, they are on the Wing already.

Wild. Pr'ythee, dear *Frank*, let's follow 'em: I long to know who they are.

Mask. Let me alone, I'll dog 'em for you.

Bel.

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Bel. I am glad on't, for my Shoes so pinch me, I can scarce go a Step farther.

Wild. Cross the Way there lives a Shoemaker : Away quickly, that we may not spoil our Design.

[*Exit* *Bel.* and *Wild.*]

Alon. offers to go off. Now Friend ! what's your Business to follow us ?

Mask. Noble Don, 'tis only to recommend my Service to you : A certain violent Passion I have had for your Worship, since the first Moment that I saw you.

Alon. I never saw thee before, to my remembrance.

Mask. No matter, Sir ; true Love never stands upon Ceremony.

Alon. Pr'ythee be gone, my sawcy Companion, or I'll clap an Alguazile upon thy Heels ; I tell thee I have no need of thy Service.

Mask. Having no Servant of your own, I cannot in good Manners leave you destitute.

Alon. I'll beat thee if thou follow'st me.

Mask. I am your Spaniel, Sir, the more you beat me, the better I'll wait on you.

Alon. Let me intreat thee to be gone : the Boys will hoot at me to see me follow'd thus against my Will.

Mask. Shall you and I concern our selves for what the Boys do, Sir ? Pray do you hear the News at Court ?

Alon. Pr'ythee what's the News to thee or me ?

Mask. Will you be at the next *Juego de canas* ?

Alon. If I think good.

Mask. Pray go on, Sir, we can discourse as we walk together : And whither were you now a going, Sir ?

Alon. To the Devil, I think.

Mask. O ! not this Year or two, Sir, by your Age.

Jac. My Father was never so match'd for talking in all his Life before ; he who loves to hear nothing but himself : Pr'ythee, *Beatrix*, stay behind, and see what this impudent *Englishman* would have.

Beat. Sir, if you'll let my Master go, I'll be his Pawn.

Mask. Well, Sir, I kiss your Hand, in hope to wait on you another time.

Alon. Let us mend our Pace to get clear of him.

Theo.

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Theo. If you do not, he'll be with you again, like *Atalanta* in the Fable, and make you drop another of your golden Apples. [*Exeunt Alon. Theo. and Jacintha.*

[*Maskall whispers Beatrix the while.*

Beat. How much good Language is here thrown away to make me betray my Ladies!

Mask. If you will discover nothing of 'em, let me discourse with you a little.

Beat. As little as you please.

Mask. They are rich, I suppose:

Beat. Now you are talking of them again: But they are as rich, as they are fair:

Mask. Then they have the *Indies*: Well, but their Names, my sweet Mistress.

Beat. Sweet Servant, their Names are ——

Mask. Their Names are —— out with it boldly —

Beat. A Secret not to be disclos'd.

Mask. A Secret, say you? Nay, then I conjure you as you are a Woman tell it me.

Beat. Not a Syllable.

Mask. Why then, as you are a Waiting-woman: As you are the Sieve of all your Lady's Secrets, tell it me.

Beat. You lose your Labour: Nothing will strain thro' me

Mask. Are you so well stopp'd i'th' Bottom?

Beat. It was enjoin'd me strictly as a Secret.

Mask. Was it enjoin'd thee strictly, and can't thou hold it? Nay, then thou art invincible: But, by that Face, that more than ugly Face, which I suspect to be under thy Vail, disclose it to me.

Beat. By that Face of thine, which is a natural Visor, I will not tell thee.

Mask. By thy ——

Beat. No more Swearing, I beseech you.

Mask. That Woman's worth little that is not worth an Oath: Well, get thee gone, now I think on't thou shalt not tell me.

Beat. Shall I not? Who shall hinder me? They are Don *Alonzo de Ribera's* Daughters.

Mask. Out, out: I'll stop my Ears.

Beat.:

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Beat. — They live hard by, in the *Calle maior*.

Mask. O, infernal Tongue —

Beat. And are going to the next Chapel with their Father.

Mask. Wilt thou never have done tormenting me? In my Conscience anon thou wilt blab out their Names too.

Beat. Their Names are *Theodofia* and *Jacintha*.

Mask. And where's your great Secret now?

Beat. Now I think I am reveng'd on you, for running down my poor old Master.

Mask. Thou art not fully reveng'd, till thou hast told me thy own Name too.

Beat. 'Tis *Beatrix*, at your Service, Sir, pray remember I wait on 'em.

Mask. Now I have enough, I must be going.

Beat. I perceive you are just like other Men; when you have got your Ends, you care not how soon you are going. — Farewel — you'll be constant to me —

Mask. Is thy Face; when I see it, do not give me Occasion to be otherwise:

Beat. You shall take a Sample, that you may praise it when you see it next. *[She pulls up her Vail]*

Enter Wildblood and Bellamy.

Wild. Look, there's your Dog with a Duck in's Mouth— Oh she's got loose and div'd again — *[Exit Beatrix]*

Bel. Well, *Maskall*, what News of the Ladies of the Lake?

Mask. I have learn'd enough to embark you in an Adventure; they are Daughters to one Don *Alonzo de Ribera*, in the *Calle maior*, their Names *Theodofia* and *Jacintha*, and they are going to their Devotions in the next Chapel.

Wild. Away then, let us lose no time. I thank Heaven I never found my self better inclin'd to Godliness than at this present. — *[Exeunt]*

S C E N E II. *A Chapel.*

Enter Alonzo, Theodofia, Jacintha, Beatrix, other Ladies, and Cavaliers at their Devotions.

Alon. By that time you have told your Beads, I'll be again with you. *[Exit Jac]*

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Jac. Do you think the *English* Men will come after us?

Beat. Do you think they can stay from you?

Jac. For my part, I feel a certain Qualm upon my Heart, which makes me believe I am breeding Love to one of 'em.

Theo. How, Love, *Jacinta*! in so short a time? *Cupid's* Arrow was well feather'd to reach you so suddenly.

Jac. Faith, as good at first as at last, Sister; 'tis a Thing that must be done, and therefore 'tis best dispatching it out o'th' way.

Theo. But you do not mean to tell him so whom you love?

Jac. Why should I keep my self and Servant in pain, for that which may be cur'd at a Day's Warning?

Beat. My Lady tells you true, Madam; long tedious Courtship may be proper for cold Countries, where their Frosts are long a thawing; but Heaven be prais'd we live in a warm Climate.

Theo. The Truth is, in other Countries they have Opportunities for Courtship, which we have not; they are not mew'd up with double Locks and grated Windows, but may receive Addresses at their leisure.

Jac. But our Love here is like our Grass; if it be not mow'd quickly, 'tis burnt up.

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, and Maskall: *They look about 'em.*

Theo. Yonder are your Gallants, send you Comfort of 'em: I am for my Devotions.

Jac. Now for my Heart can I think of no other Prayer, but only that they may not mistake us—Why Sister, Sister—will you pray? What Injury have I ever done you, that you should pray in my Company? If your Servant *Don Melchior* were here, we should have you mind Heaven as little as the best of us.

Beat. They are at a loss, Madam, shall I put up my Vail, that they may take aim?

Jac. No, let 'em take their Fortune in the Dark: We shall see what Archers these *English* are.

Bel. Which are they, think'st thou?

Wild. There's no knowing them, they are all Children of Darkness.

Bel.

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Bel. I'll be sworn they have one Sign of Godliness among 'em, there's no Distinction of Persons here.

Wild. Pox o' this Blind-man's-buff; they may be asham'd to provoke a Man thus by their keeping themselves so close.

Bel. You are for the youngest, you say; 'tis the eldest has smitten me. And here I fix, if I am right ——— happy Man be his Dole.

[By Theodosia.]

Wild. I'll take my Fortune here. [By Jacintha.] Madam, I hope a Stranger may take the Liberty, without Offence, to offer his Devotions by you.

Jac. That Sir, would interrupt mine, without being any Advantage to your own.

Wild. My Advantage, Madam, is very evident; for the kind Saint to whom you pray, may by the Neighbourhood mistake my Devotions for yours.

Jac. O Sir! our Saints can better distinguish between the Prayers of a Catholick and a Lutheran,

Wild. I beseech you, Madam, trouble not your self for my Religion; for though I am a Heretick to the Men of your Country, to your Ladies I am a very zealous Catholick: And for Fornication and Adultery, I assure you I hold with both Churches.

Theo. to Bel. Sir, if you will not be more devout, be at least more civil, you see you are observ'd.

Bel. And pray, Madam, what do you think the Lookers on imagine I am imploy'd about?

Theo. I will not trouble my self to guess.

Bel. Why, by all Circumstances, they must conclude that I am making Love to you: And methinks it were scarce civil to give the Opinion of so much good Company the Lye.

Theo. If this were true, you would have little reason to thank 'em for their Divination.

Bel. Meaning I should not be lov'd again.

Theo. You have interpreted my Riddle, and may take it for your Pains.

*Enter Alonzo, and goes apart to his Devotion.

Beat. Madam, your Father is return'd.

Bel.

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Bel. She has nettled me, would I could be reveng'd on her.

Wild. Do you see their Father? Let us make as tho' we talk'd to one another, that we may not be suspected.

Beat. You have lost your *Englishmen*.

Jac. No, no, 'tis but Design I warrant you: You shall see these Island Cocks wheel about immediately.

[*The English gather up close to them.*]

Beat. Perhaps they thought they were observ'd.

Wild. to Bel. Talk not of our Country Ladies: I declare my self for the *Spanish Beauties*.

Bel. Pr'ythee tell me what thou canst find to dote on in these *Castilians*.

Wild. Their Wit and Beauty.

Theo. Now for our Champion St. *Jago* for *Spain* there.

Bel. Faith I can speak no such Miracles of either; for their Beauty, 'tis much as the *Moors* left it; not altogether so deep a Black as the true *Aethiopian*: A kind of Beauty that is too civil to the Lookers-on to do them any Mischief.

Jac. This was your Frowardness that provok'd him, Sister.

Theo. But they shall not carry it off so.

Bel. As for their Wit, you may judge it by their Breeding, which is commonly in a Nunnery; where the Want of Mankind while they are there, makes them value the Blessing ever after.

Theo. Pr'ythee, dear *Jacintha*; tell me what kind of Creatures were those we saw Yesterday at the Audience? These I mean that look'd so like *Frenchmen* in their Habits, but only became their Apishness so much worse.

Jac. *Englishmen*, I think they call'd 'em.

Theo. Cry you Mercy; they were of your wild *English* indeed, that is a kind of Northern Beast, that is taught its Feats of Activity in *Monseurland*, and for doing 'em too lubberly, is laugh'd at all the World over.

Bel. *Wildblood*, I perceive the Women understand little of Discourse; their Gallants do not use 'em to't: They get upon their Gemmits, and prance before their Ladies Windows; there the Palfrey curvets and bounds, and in short entertains 'em for his Master.

Wild.

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Wild. And this Horse-play they call making Love.

Beat. Your Father, Madam ———

Alon. Daughters ! what Cavaliers are those which were talking by you ?

Jac. *Englishmen*, I believe, Sir, at their Devotions : Cavalier, would you would try to pray a little better than you have railly'd. [*Aside to Wild.*]

Wild. Hang me if I put all my Devotions out of order for you : I remember I pray'd but on *Tuesday* last, and my time comes not till *Tuesday* next.

Mask. You had as good pray, Sir : she will not stir till you have : Say any thing.

Wild. Fair Lady, though I am not worthy of the least of your Favours, yet give me the Happiness this Evening to see you at your Father's Door, that I may acquaint you with part of my Sufferings. [*Aside to Jac.*]

Alon. Come Daughters, have you done ?

Jac. Immediately, Sir. ——— Cavalier, I will not fail to be there at the Time appointed, if it be but to teach you more Wit, henceforward, than to engage your Heart so lightly. [*Aside to Wild.*]

Wild. I have engag'd my Heart with so much Zeal and true Devotion to your divine Beauty, that ———

Alon. What means this Cavalier ?

Jac. Some zealous Ejaculation.

Alon. May the Saint hear him.

Jac. I'll answer for her. — [*Ex. Father and Daughters.*]

Wild. Now, *Bellamy*, what Success ?

Bel. I pray'd to a more marble Saint than that was in the Shrine ; but you, it seems, have been successful.

Wild. And so shalt thou ; let me alone for both.

Bel. If you'll undertake it, I'll make bold to indulge my Love ; and within this two Hours be a desperate Inamorado. I feel I am coming apace to it.

Wild. Faith I can love at any time with a Wish, at my Rate : I give my Heart according to the old Law of Pawns, to be return'd me before Sun-set.

Bel. I love only that I may keep my Heart warm ; for a Man's a Fool if Love stir him not ; and to bring it to that pass, I first resolve whom to love, and presently after

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ter imagine I am in love; for a strong Imagination is requir'd in a Lover, as much as in a Witch.

Wild. And is this all your Receipt?

Bel. These are my principal Ingredients; as for Piques, Jealousies, Duels, Daggers, and Halters, I let 'em alone to the Vulgar.

Wild. Pr'ythee let's round the Street a little, till *Maskall* watches for their Woman.

Bel. That's well thought on: He shall about it immediately.

We will attempt the Mistress by the Maid:

Women by Women still are best betray'd. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Wildblood, Bellamy, and Maskall.

Wild. DID you speak with her Woman?

Mask. Yes but she was in haste, and bid me wait her hereabouts when she return'd.

Bel. Then you have discover'd nothing more?

Mask. Only, in general, that *Donna Theodosia* is engag'd elsewhere; so that all your Courtship will be to no purpose — But for your Mistress, Sir, [*To Wild.*] she is waded out of her depth in Love to you already.

Wild. That's very hard, when I am scarce Knee-deep with her: 'Tis true, I have given her hold of my Heart, but if she take not heed, it will slip through her Fingers.

Bel. You are Prince of the Soil, Sir, and may take your Pleasure when you please; but I am the Eye to your Holiday, and must fast for being join'd to you.

Wild. Were I as thou art, I would content my self with having had one fair Flight at her, without wearying my self on the Wing for a Retrieve; for when all's done, the Quarry is but a Woman.

Bel. Thank you, Sir, you would fly 'em both your self; and while I turn Tail, we should have you come ginging

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gingling with your Bells in the Neck of my Partridge; do you remember who encourag'd me to love, and promis'd me his Assistance?

Wild. Ay, while there was Hope, *Frank*, while there was Hope; but there's no contending with one's Destiny.

Bel. Nay, it may be I care as little for her as another Man; but while she flies before me, I must follow: I can leave a Woman first with ease, but if she begins to fly before me, I grow opiniatre as the Devil.

Wild. What a Secret have you found out? Why 'tis the Nature of all Mankind: We love to get our Mistresses, and purr over 'em, as Cats do over Mice, and then let 'em go a little way: and all the Pleasure is, to pat 'em back again: But yours, I take it, *Frank*, is gone too far; pr'ythee how long dost thou intend to love at this rate?

Bel. Till the evil Constellation be past over me: Yet I believe it would hasten my Recovery, if I knew whom she lov'd.

Mask. You shall not be long without that Satisfaction.

Wild. 'St, the Door opens; and two Women are coming out.

Bel. By their Stature they should be thy gracious Mistresses and *Beatrix*.

Wild. Methinks you should know your Cue then, and withdraw.

Bel. Well, I'll leave you to your Fortune; but if you come to close fighting, I shall make bold to run in and part you.

[*Bellamy and Maskall withdraw.*]

Wild. Yonder she comes with full Sails i'faith; I'll hail her amain for *England*.

Enter Jacintha and Beatrix at the other end of the Stage.

Beat. You do love him then?

Jac. Yes, most vehemently.

Beat. But set some Bounds to your Affection.

Jac. None but Fools confine their Pleasure: What Usurer ever thought his Coffers held too much? No, I'll give my self the swinge, and love without reserve. If I keep a Passion, I'll never starve it in my Service.

Beat. But are you sure he will deserve this Kindness?

Jac.

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Jac. I never trouble my self so long beforehand: Jealousies and Disquiets are the Dregs of an Amour; but I'll leave mine before I have drawn it off so low: When it once grows troubled, I'll give vent to a fresh Draught.

Beat. Yet it is but Prudence to try him first; no Pilot ventures on an unknown Coast without Sounding.

Jac. Well, to satisfy thee, I am content; partly too because I find a kind of Pleasure in laying Baits for him.

Beat. The two great Virtues of a Lover are Constancy and Liberality; if he profess those two, you may be happy in him.

Jac. Nay, if he be not Lord and Master of both those Qualities, I disown him ——— But who goes there?

Beat. He, I warrant you, Madam; for his Servant told me he was waiting hereabout.

Jac. Watch the Door, give me notice, if any come.

Beat. I'll secure you, Madam. [Exit Beat.]

Jac. to Wild. What, have you laid an Ambush for me?

Wild. Only to make a Reprisal of my Heart.

Jac. 'Tis so wild, that the Lady who has it in her keeping, would be glad she were well rid on't: It does so flutter about the Cage. 'Tis a meer *Bajazet*; and if it be not let out the sooner, will beat out the Brains against the Grates.

Wild. I am afraid the Lady has not fed it, and 'tis wild for Hunger.

Jac. Or perhaps it wants Company; shall she put another to it?

Wild. Ay; but then 'twere best to trust 'em out of the Cage together; let 'em hop about at Liberty.

Jac. But if they should lose one another in the wide World!

Wild. They'll meet at Night I warrant 'em.

Jac. But is not your Heart of the Nature of those Birds that breed in one Country, and go to Winter in another?

Wild. Suppose it does so; yet I take my Mate along with me. And now to leave our Parables, and speak in the Language of the Vulgar, what think you of a Voyage to merry England?

Jac.

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Jac. Just as *Aesop's* Frog did, of leaping into a deep Well in a Drought : If he ventur'd the Leap, there might be Water ; but if there were no Water, how should he get out again ?

Wild. Faith we live in a good honest Country, where we are content with our old Vices, partly because we want Wit to invent more new. A Colony of *Spaniards*, or spiritual *Italians* planted among us, would make us much more racy. 'Tis true, our Variety is not much ; but to speak nobly of our Way of Living, 'tis like that of the Sun, which rises, and looks upon the same things he saw Yesterday, and goes to Bed again.

Jac. But I hear your Women live most blessedly ; there's no such a thing as Jealousy among the Husbands ; if any Man has Horns, he bears 'em as loftily as a Stag, and as inoffensively.

Wild. All this I hope gives you no ill Character of the Country.

Jac. But what need we go into another Climate ? as our Love was born here, so let it live and die here, and be honestly buried in its Native Country.

Wild. Faith, agreed with all my Heart. For I am none of those unreasonable Lovers, that propose to themselves the loving to Eternity ; the Truth is, a Month is commonly my Stint ; But in that Month I love so dreadfully, that it is after a Twelve-month's Rate of common Love.

Jac. Or would not a Fortnight serve our turn ? for in troth a Month looks somewhat dismally ; 'tis a whole *Egyptian* Year. If a Moon changes in my Love, I shall think my *Cupid* grown dull, or fallen into an Apoplexy.

Wild. Well, I pray Heav'n we both get off as clear as we imagine ; for my part, I like your Humour so damnably well, that I fear I am in for a Week longer than I propos'd ; I am half afraid your *Spanish* Planet, and my *English* one have been acquainted, and have found out some By-room or other in the twelve Houses : I wish they have been honourable.

Jac. The best way for both were to take up in time ; yet I am afraid our Forces are engag'd so far, that we must

Jac.

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must make a Battel en't. What think you of disobliging one another from this Day forward; and shewing all our ill Humours at the first; which Lovers use to keep as a Reserve, till they are married?

Wild. Or let us encourage one another to a Breach, by the Dangers of Possession: I have a Song to that Purpose.

Jac. Pray let me hear it: I hope it will go to the Tune of one of our *Passa-calles*.

S O N G.

*You charm'd me not with that fair Face,
Though it was all Divine;
To be another's is the Grace,
That makes me wish you mine.
The Gods and Fortune take their Part,
Who like young Monarchs fight,
And boldly dare invade that Heart,
Which is another's Right.
First mad with Hope we undertake
To pull up every Bar;
But once possess'd, we faintly make
A dull defensive War.
Now every Friend is turn'd a Foe,
In hope to get our Store:
And Passion makes us Cowards grow,
Which made us brave before.*

Jac. Believe it, Cavalier, you are a dangerous Person: Do you hold forth your Gifts in hopes to make me love you less?

Wild. They would signify little, if we were once married: Those Gaieties are all nipt, and frost-bitten in the Marriage-Bed, i'faith.

Jac. I am sorry to hear 'tis so cold a Place: But 'tis all one to us, who do not mean to trouble it: The Truth is, your Humour pleases me exceedingly; how long it will do so, I know not; but so long as it does, I am resolv'd to give my self the Content of seeing you. For if I should once constrain my self, I might fall in love

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love in good Earnest : But I have stay'd too long with you, and would be loth to surfeit you at first.

Wild. Surfeit me, Madam? why, you have but tantaliz'd me all this while.

Jac. What would you have?

Wild. A Hand, or Lip, or any thing that you can spare ; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit, he must have some Employment, or he'll tear you a-pieces.

Jac. Well, here's my Picture ; to help your Contemplation in my Absence.

Wild. You have already the Original of mine : But some Revenge you must allow me : A Locket of Diamonds, or some such Trifle, the next time I kiss your Hand.

Jac. Fy, fy ; you do not think me Mercenary ? yet now I think on't, I'll put you into our *Spanish* Mode of Love : Our Ladies here use to be the Banquiers of their Servants, and to have their Gold in keeping.

Wild. This is the least Trial you could have made of me : I have some three hundred Pistoles by me ; those I'll send you by my Servant.

Jac. Confess freely ; you mistrust me : But if you find the least Qualm about your Gold, pray keep it for a Cordial.

Wild. The Cordial must be apply'd to the Heart, and mine's with you, Madam : Well ; I say no more ; but these are dangerous Beginnings for holding on : I find my Month will have more than one and thirty Days in't.

Enter Beatrix running.

Beat. Madam, your Father calls in haste for you ; and is looking you about the House.

Jac. Adieu, Servant, be a good Manager of your Stock of Love, that it may hold out your Month ; I am afraid you'll waste so much of it before to morrow Night, that you'll shine but with a quarter Moon upon me.

Wild. It shall be a Crescent.

[*Ex. Wild. Jac. severally.*

{*Beatrix is going, and Maskall runs and stops her.*

Mask. Pay your Ransom ; you are my Prisoner.

Beat.

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Beat. What, do you fight after the *French* Fashion; take Towns before you declare a War?

Mask. I should be glad to imitate them so far, to be in the middle of the Country before you could resist me.

Beat. Well, what Composition, Monsieur?

Mask. Deliver up your Lady's Secret; what makes her so cruel to my Master?

Beat. Which of my Ladies, and which of your Masters? For I suppose we are Factors for both of them.

Mask. Your eldest Lady, *Theodosia*.

Beat. How dare you press your Mistress to an Inconvenience?

Mask. My Mistress? I understand not that Language; the Fortune of the Valet ever follows that of the Master; and his is desperate; if his Fate were alter'd for the Better, I should not care if I ventur'd upon you for the Worse.

Beat. I have told you already, Donna *Theodosia* loves another.

Mask. Has he no Name?

Beat. Let it suffice he is born Noble, though without a Fortune. His Poverty makes him conceal his Love from her Father; but she sees him every Night in private: And to blind the World, about a Fortnight ago he took a solemn Leave of her, as if he were going into *Flanders*: In the mean time he lodges at the House of Don *Lopez de Gamboa*; and is himself call'd Don *Melchior de Gusman*.

Mask. Don *Melchior de Gusman*! O Heav'ns!

Beat. What amazes you?

Theo. [*within.*] Why, *Beatrix*, where are you?

Beat. You hear I am call'd; Adieu; and be sure you keep my Counsel.

Mask. Come, Sir, you see the Coast is clear. [*Ex. Beat.*
Enter Bellamy.

Bel. Clear, dost thou say? No, 'tis full of Rocks and Quickfands: Yet nothing vexes me so much, as that she is in love with such a poor Rogue.

Mask. But that he should lodge privately in the same House with us! 'twas oddly contriv'd of Fortune.

Bel.

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Bel. Hang him Rogue! methinks I see him perching like an Owl by Day, and not daring to flutter out till Moon-light. The Rascal invents Love, and brews his Compliments all Day, and broaches 'em at Night; just as some of our dry Wits do their Stories, before they come into Company: Well, if I could be reveng'd on either of 'em.

Mask. Here she comes again with *Beatrix*; but, good Sir, moderate your Passion.

Enter Theodofia and Beatrix:

Bel. Nay, Madam, you are known; and must not pass till I have spoken with you. [*Bel. lifts up Theodofia's Vail.*]

Theo. This Rudeness to a Person of my Quality may cost you dear. Pray, when did I give you Encouragement for so much Familiarity?

Bel. When you scorn'd me in the Chapel.

Theo. The Truth is, I deny'd you as heartily as I could; that I might not be twice troubled with you.

Bel. Yet you have not this Aversion for all the World: However, I was in hope, though the Day frown'd, the Night might prove as propitious to me as it is to others.

Theo. I have now a Quarrel both to the Sun and Moon, because I have seen you by both their Lights.

Bel. Spare the Moon, I beseech you, Madam, she is a very trusty Planet to you.

Beat. O, *Maskall*, you have ruin'd me.

Mask. Dear Sir, hold yet.

Bel. Away.

Theo. Pray, Sir, expound your Meaning; for I confess I am in the Dark.

Bel. Methinks you should discover it by Moon-light. Or, if you would have me speak clearer to you, give me leave to wait on you at a Midnight Affignation; and that it may not be discover'd, I'll feign a Voyage beyond Sea, as if I were gone a Captaining to *Flanders*.

Mask. A Pox on's Memory, he has not forgot one Syllable.

Theo. Ah *Beatrix*, you have betray'd and sold me.

Beat. You have betray'd and sold your self, Madam, by your own Rashness to confess it; Heav'n knows I have serv'd you but too faithfully.

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P

Theo.

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Theo. Peace, Impudence; and see my Face no more.

Mask. Do you know what Work you have made, Sir?

Bel. Let her see what she has got by slighting me.

Mask. You had best let *Beatrix* be turn'd away for me to keep: If you do, I know whose Purse shall pay for't.

Bel. That's a Curse I never thought on: Cast about quickly, and save all yet. Range, quest, and spring a Lye immediately.

Theo. to Beat. Never importune me farther; you shall go; there's no removing me.

Beat. Well; this is ever the Reward of Innocence —

[*Going.*

Mask. Stay, guiltless Virgin, stay; thou shalt not go.

Theo. Why, who should hinder it?

Mask. That will I, in the Name of Truth. (If this hard-bound Lye would but come from me.) Madam, I must tell you it lies in my Power to appease this Tempest with one Word.

Beat. Would it were come once.

Mask. Nay, Sir, 'tis all one to me, if you turn me away upon't; I can hold no longer.

Theo. What does the Fellow mean?

Mask. For all your Noddings, and your Mathematical Grimaces, in short, Madam, my Master has been conversing with the Planets; and from them has had the Knowledge of your Affairs.

Bel. This Rogue amazes me.

Mask. I care not, Sir, I am for Truth; that will shame you, and all your Devils: In short, Madam, this Master of mine that stands before you, without a Word to say for himself, so like an Oaf, as I may say with Reverence to him —

Bel. The Raskal makes me mad.

Mask. Is the greatest *Astrologer* in Christendom.

Theo. Your Master an *Astrologer*?

Mask. A most profound one.

Bel. Why, you Dog, do you consider what an improbable Lye this is; which you know I can never make good: Disgorge it, you Cormorant, or I'll pinch your Throat out —

[*Takes him by the Throat.*

Mask.

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Mask. 'Tis all in vain, Sir, you are and shall be an *Astrologer* whate'er I suffer; you know all things, see into all Things, foretel all Things; and if you pinch more Truth out of me, I will confes you are a Conjuror.

Bel. How, Sirrah, a Conjuror?

Mask. I mean, Sir, the Devil is in your Fingers: Own it you had best, Sir, and do not provoke me farther; [*While he is speaking, Bellamy stops his Mouth by Fits.*] What, did not I see you an Hour ago, turning over a great Folio with strange Figures in it, and then muttering to your self like any Poet, and then naming *Theodofia*, and then staring up in the Sky, and then poring upon the Ground; so that betwixt God and the Devil, Madam, he came to know your Love.

Bel. Madam, if ever I knew the least Term in Astrology, I am the arrantest Son of a Whore breathing.

Beat. O, Sir, for that matter, you shall excuse my Lady: Nay, hide your Talents if you can, Sir.

Theo. The more you pretend Ignorance, the more we are resolv'd to believe you skilful.

Bel. You'll hold your Tongue yet.

Mask. You shall never make me hold my Tongue, except you conjure me to Silence: What, did you not call me to look into a Crystal, and there shew'd me a fair Garden, and a *Spaniard* stalking in his narrow Breeches, and walking underneath a Window? I should know him again amongst a thousand.

Beat. Don *Melchior*, in my Conscience, Madam.

Bel. This Rogue will invent more Stories of me, than e'er were father'd upon *Lilly*.

Mask. Will you confes then? do you think I'll stain my Honour to swallow a Lye for you?

Bel. Well, a Pox on you, I am an Astrologer.

Beat. O, are you so, Sir?

Theo. I hope then, learned Sir, as you have been curious in enquiring into my Secrets, you will be so much a Cavalier as to conceal 'em.

Bel. You need not doubt me Madam; I am more in your Power than you can be in mine: Besides, if I were once known in Town, the next thing, for ought I

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know, would be to bring me before the Fathers of the Inquisition.

Beat. Well, Madam, what do you think of me now? I have betray'd you, I have sold you; how can you ever make me amends for this Imputation? I did not think you could have us'd me so ———

[Cries, and claps her Hands at her.]

Theo. Nay, pr'ythee *Beatrix* do not cry; I'll leave off my new Gown to-morrow, and thou shalt have it.

Beat. No, I'll cry eternally; you have taken away my good Name from me; and you can never make me Re-compence — except you give me your new Gorget too.

Theo. No more Words; thou shalt have it, Girl.

Beat. O, Madam, your Father has surpriz'd us!

Enter Don Alonzo, and frowns.

Bel. Then I'll be gone to avoid Suspicion.

Theo. By your Favour, Sir, you shall stay a little; the Happinefs of so rare an Acquaintance ought to be cherish'd on my side by a longer Conversation.

Alon. *Theodosia*, what Business have you with this Cavalier?

Theo. That, Sir, which will make you as ambitious of being known to him as I have been: Under the Habit of a Gallant, he conceals the greatest *Astrologer* this Day living.

Alon. You amaze me, Daughter.

Theo. For my own part I have been consulting with him about some Particulars of my Fortunes past and future; both which he has resolv'd me with that admirable Knowledge —

Bel. Yes, Faith, Sir, I was foretelling her of a Disaster that severely threaten'd her: And (one thing I foresee already by my Stars, that I must bear up boldly, or I am lost.)

Mask. to Bel. Never fear him, Sir; he's an ignorant Fellow, and credulous, I warrant him.

Alon. Daughter, be not too confident in your Belief; there's nothing more uncertain than the old Prophecies of these *Nostradamusses*; but of what Nature was the Question which you ask'd him?

Theo.

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Theo. What should be my Fortune in Marriage.

Alon. And, pray, what did you answer, Sir?

Bel. I answer'd her the Truth, that she is in danger of marrying a Gentleman without a Fortune.

Theo. And this, Sir, has put me into such a Fright —

Alon. Never trouble your self about it, Daughter; follow my Advice, and I warrant you a rich Husband.

Bel. But the Stars say she shall not follow your Advice: If it happens otherwise, I'll burn my Folio Volumes, and my Manuscripts too, I assure you that, Sir.

Alon. Be not too confident, young Man; I know somewhat in *Astrology* my self; for in my younger Years I study'd it; and though I say it, made some small Proficiency in it.

Bel. Marry Heaven forbid ——— [Aside.

Alon. And I could only find it was no way demonstrative, but altogether fallacious.

Mask. On what a Rock have we split our selves!

Bel. Now my Ignorance will certainly come out!

Beat. Sir, remember you are old and crazy, Sir; and if the Evening Air should take you — beseech you, Sir, retire.

Alon. Knowledge is to be preferr'd before Health; I must needs discuss a Point with this learned Cavalier, concerning a difficult Question in that Art, which almost gravels me.

Mask. How I sweat for him, *Beatrice*, and my self too, who have brought him into this *Præmunire*!

Beat. You must be impudent; for our old Man will stick like a Burr to you, now he's in a Dispute.

Alon. What Judgment may a Man reasonably form from the Trine Aspect of the two Infortunes in Angular Houses?

Bel. That's a Matter of nothing, Sir; I'll turn my Man loose to you for such a Question —

[Puts Maskall forward.

Alon. Come on, Sir, I am the Querent.

Mask. Meaning me, Sir! I vow to God, and your Worship knows it, I never made that Science my Study in the least, Sir.

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Bel. The Gleanings of mine are enough for that: Why, you impudent Rogue you, hold forth your Gifts, or I'll—What a Devil, must I be pester'd with every trivial Question, when there's not a Master in Town of any Science, but has his Usher for these mean Offices?

Theo. Try him in some deeper Question, Sir; you see he will not put himself forth for this.

Alon. Then I'll be more abstruse with him: What think you, Sir, of the taking *Hyleg*? or of the best way of Rectification for a Nativity? Have you been conversant in the *Centiloquium* of *Trismegistus*? What think you of *Mars* in the Tenth when 'tis his own House, or of *Jupiter* configurated with malevolent Planets?

Bel. I thought what your Skill was! to answer your Question in two words, *Mars* rules over the Martial, and *Jupiter* over the Jovial; and so of the rest, Sir.

Alon. This every School-boy could have told me.

Bel. Why then you must not ask such School-boys Questions. (But your Carcass, Sirrah, shall pay for this.) — [Aside to Maskall.

Alon. You seem not to understand the Terms, Sir.

Bel. By your Favour, Sir, I know there are five of 'em; do not I know your *Michaelmas*, your *Hillary*, your *Easter*, your *Trinity*, and your *Long Vacation* Term, Sir?

Alon. I do not understand a word of this *Jargon*.

Bel. It may be not, Sir; I believe the Terms are not the same in *Spain* they are in *England*.

Mask. Did one ever hear so impudent an Ignorance?

Alon. The Terms of Art are the same every where.

Bel. Tell me that! you are an old Man, and they are alter'd since you studied them.

Alon. That may be, I must confess; however if you please to discourse something of the Art to me, you shall find me an apt Scholar.

Enter a Servant to Alonzo.

Ser. Sir — [Whispers.

Alon. Sir, I am sorry a Business of Importance calls me hence; but I'll wait on you some other time, to discourse more at large of *Astrology*.

Bel. Is your Business very pressing?

Alon.

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Alon. It is, I assure you, Sir.

Bel. I am very sorry, for I should have instructed you in such rare Secrets; I have no Fault, but that I am too communicative.

Alon. I'll dispatch my Business, and return immediately; come away, Daughter.

[*Exeunt Alon. Theo. Beat. and Serv.*]

Bel. A Devil on's Learning; he had brought me to my last Legs; I was fighting as low as ever was 'Squire Widdrington.

Mask. Who would have suspected it from that wicked Elder?

Bel. Suspected it? why 'twas palpable from his very Physnomy; he looks like *Hafy*, and the Spirit *Fircu* in the Fortune-book.

Enter Wildblood.

Wild. How now, *Bellamy*! in Wrath? pr'ythee what's the matter?

Bel. The Story is too long to tell you; but this Rogue here has made me pass for an errant Fortune-teller.

Mask. If I had not, I am sure he must have pass'd for an errant Madman; he had discover'd, in a Rage, all that *Beatrix* had confess'd to me concerning her Mistress's Love; and I had no other way to bring him off, but to say he knew it by the Planets.

Wild. And art thou such an Oaf to be vext at this? as the Adventure may be manag'd, it may make the most pleasant one in all the Carnival.

Bel. Death! I shall have all *Madrid* about me within these two Days.

Wild. Nay, all *Spain*, i'faith, as fast as I can divulge thee: Not a Ship shall pass out from any Port, but shall ask thee for a Wind; thou shalt have all the Trade of *Lapland* within a Month.

Bel. And do you think it reasonable for me to stand Defendant to all the impertinent Questions that the Town can ask me?

Wild. Thou shalt do't, Boy: Pox on thee, thou dost not know thine own Happiness; thou wilt have the Ladies come to thee; and if thou dost not fit them with Fortunes, thou art bewitch'd.

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Mask. Sir, 'tis the easiest thing in Nature; you need but speak doubtfully, or keep your self in general Terms, and for the most part tell good rather than bad Fortune.

Wild. And if at any time thou ventur'st at Particulars, have an Evasion ready like *Lilly*; as thus, It will infallibly happen, if our Sins hinder not. I would undertake, with one of his Almanacks, to give very good Content to all Christendom, and what good Luck fell not out in one Kingdom, should in another.

Mask. The Pleasure on't will be to see how all his Customers will contribute to their own Deceiving; and verily believe he told them that, which they told him.

Bel. Umh! now I begin to taste it; I am like the drunken Tinker in the Play, a great Prince, and never knew it.

Wild. A great Princee, a great Turk; we shall have thee within these two Days, do grace to the Ladies, by throwing out a Handkerchief; 'life I could feast upon thy Fragments.

Bel. If the Women come, you shall be sure to help me to undergo the Burden; for though you make me an *Astronomer*, I am no *Atlas*, to bear all upon my Back. But who are these?

Enter Musicians with Disguises; and some in their Hands.

Wild. You know the Men, if their Masquing Habits were off; they are the Musick of our Embassador's Retinue: My Project is to give our Mistress a Serenade; this being the last Evening of the Carnival; and to prevent Discovery, here are Disguises for us too —

Bel. 'Tis very well; come *Maskall*, help on with 'em, while they tune their Instruments.

Wild. Strike up, Gentlemen; we'll entertain 'em with a Song a l' *Angloise*, pray be ready with your Chorus.

S O N G.

*After the Pangs of a desperate Lover,
When Day and Night I have figh'd all in vain,
Ah what a Pleasure it is to discover
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!*

When

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*When with Unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the Pain,
Ah what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is,
Ah what a Pleasure to press it again!*

*When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah what a Trembling I feel, when I venture,
Ah what a Trembling does usher my Joy!*

*When, with a Sigh, she accords me the Blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and Pain:
Ah what a Joy, 'tis beyond all expressing,
Ah what a Joy to hear, shall we again!*

Theodosia and Jacintha above.

[Jacintha throws down her Handkerchief with a Favour ty'd to it.

Jac. Ill Musicians must be rewarded: There, Cavalier, 'tis to buy your Silence — [Exeunt Women from above.

Wild. By this light, which at present is scarce an Oath, an Handkerchief, and a Favour.

[Musick and Gaittars tuning on the other side of the Stage.

Bel. Hark, Wildblood, do you hear? there's more Melody; on my Life some Spaniards have taken up this Post for the same Design.

Wild. I'll be with their Cats-guts immediately.

Bel. Pr'ythee be patient; we shall lose the Sport else.

[Don Lopez and Don Melchior disguis'd, with Servants and Musicians on the other side.

Wild. 'Tis some Rival of yours or mine, Bellamy: For he addressees to this Window.

Bel. Damn him, let's fall on then.

[The two Spaniards and the English fight: The Spaniards are beaten off the Stage; the Musicians on both sides, and Servants fall confusedly one over the other. They all get off, only Maskall remains upon the Ground.

Mask. [Rising.] So, all's past, and I am safe: A Pox on these fighting Masters of mine, to bring me into this Danger with their Valours and Magnanimities. When I

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go a Serenading again with 'em, I'll give 'em leave to make Fiddle-strings of my Small-guts.

To him, Don Lopez.

Lop. Who goes there?

Mask. 'Tis Don Lopez by his Voice.

Lop. The same; and by yours you should belong to my two *English* Guests. Did you hear no Tumult hereabouts?

Mask. I heard a clashing of Swords, and Men a fighting.

Lop. I had my Share in't; but how came you here?

Mask. I came hither by my Master's Order, to see if you were in any danger.

Lop. But how could he imagine I was in any?

Mask. 'Tis all one for that, Sir, he knew it, by — Heav'n, what was I going to say, I had like to have discover'd all!

Lop. I find there is some Secret in't; and you dare not trust me.

Mask. If you will swear on your Honour to be very Secret, I will tell you.

Lop. As I am a Cavalier, and by my Beard, I will.

Mask. Then, in few Words, he knew it by Astrology, or Magick.

Lop. You amaze me! Is he conversant in the occult Sciences?

Mask. Most profoundly.

Lop. I always thought him an extraordinary Person; but I could never imagine his Head lay that way.

Mask. He shew'd me Yesterday in a Glass, a Lady's Maid at London, whom I well knew; and with whom I us'd to converse on a Pallet in a Drawing-room, while he was paying his Devotions to her Lady in the Bedchamber.

Lop. Lord, what a Treasure for a State were here! and how much might we save by this Man, in Foreign Intelligence!

Mask. And just now he shew'd me, how you were assaulted in the dark by Foreigners.

Lop. Could you guess what Countrymen?

Mask.

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Mask. I imagin'd them to be *Italians*.

Lop. Not unlikely; for they play'd most furiously at our Back-sides.

Mask. I will return to my Master with the good News of your Safety; but once again be secret; or disclose it to none but Friends——— So, there's one Woodcock more in the Springe——— [Exit.]

Lop. Yes, I will be very secret; for I will tell it only to one Person; but she is a Woman. I will to *Aurelia*, and acquaint her with the Skill of this rare Artist: She is curious, as all Women are; and, 'tis probable, will desire to look into the Glass to see Don *Melchior*, whom she believes absent. So that by this means, without breaking my Oath to him, he will be discover'd to be in Town. Then his Intrigue with *Theodosia* will come to light too, for which *Aurelia* will, I hope, discard him, and receive me. I will about it instantly:

Success, in Love, on Diligence depends;

No lazy Lover e'er attain'd his Ends. [Exit.]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Bellamy and Maskall.

Bel. **T**Hen, they were certainly Don *Lopez* and Don *Melchior* with whom we fought.

Mask. Yes, Sir.

Bel. And when you met *Lopez*, he swallow'd all you told him?

Mask. As greedily, as if it had been a new Saint's Miracle.

Bel. I see 'twill spread.

Mask. And the Fame of it will be of use to you in your next Amour: For the Women you know run mad after Fortune-tellers and Preachers.

Bel.

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Bel. But for all my Bragging, this Amour is not yet worn off. I find Constancy, and once a Night come naturally upon a Man towards thirty: Only we set a Face on't; and call our selves unconstant for our Reputation.

Mask. But, what say the Stars, Sir?

Bel. They move faster than you imagine; for I have got me an *Argol*, and an *English Almanack*; by help of which in one half-hour I have learn'd to Cant with an indifferent good Grace: *Conjunction, Opposition, Trine, Square* and *Sextile*, are now no longer Bug-bears to me, I thank my Stars for't.

Enter Wildblood.

— Monsieur *Wildblood*, in good time! What, you have been taking Pains too, to divulge my Talent?

Wild. So successfully, that shortly there will be no talk in Town, but of you only: Another Miracle or two, and a sharp Sword, and you stand fair for a New Prophet.

Bel. But where did you begin to blow the Trumpet?

Wild. In the Gaming-house: Where I found most of the Town-wits; the Prose-wits playing, and the Verse-wits rooking.

Bel. All sorts of Gamesters are so Superstitious, that I need not doubt of my Reception there.

Wild. From thence I went to the latter End of a Comedy, and there whisper'd it to the next Man I knew, who had a Woman by him.

Mask. Nay, then it went like a Train of Powder, if once they had it by the End.

Wild. Like a Squib upon a Line, i'faith, it ran through one Row, and came back upon me in the next: At my going out I met a Knot of *Spaniards*, who were formally listning to one, who was relating it: But he told the Story so ridiculously, with his *Marginal Notes* upon it, that I was forc'd to contradict him.

Bel. 'Twas discreetly done.

Wild. Ay for you, but not for me: What, says he, must such *Boracho's* as you take upon you to vilify a Man of Science? I tell you, he's of my intimate Acquaintance, and I have known him long, for a prodigious Person

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Person — When I saw my Don so fierce, I thought it not Wisdom to quarrel for so slight a Matter as your Reputation, and so withdrew.

Bel. A pox of your Success! now shall I have my Chamber besieg'd to-morrow Morning: There will be no stirring out for me; but I must be fain to take up their Questions in a Cleft-cane, or a Begging-box, as they do Charity in Prisons.

Wild. Faith, I cannot help what your Learning has brought you to: Go in and study; I foresee you will have but few Holy-days: In the mean time, I'll not fail to give the World an Account of your Indowments. Farewel: I'll to the Gaming-house. [*Exit Wild.*]

Mask. O, Sir, here is the rarest Adventure, and which is more, come home to you.

Bel. What is it?

Mask. A fair Lady, and her Woman, wait in the outer Room to speak with you.

Bel. But how know you she is fair?

Mask. Her Woman pluck'd up her Veil when she spake to me; so that having seen her this Evening, I know her Mistress to be Donna *Aurelia*, Cousin to your Mistress *Theodasia*, and who lodges in the same House with her: She wants a Star or two, I warrant you.

Bel. My whole Constellation is at her Service: But what is she for a Woman?

Mask. Fair enough, as *Beatrix* has told me; but sufficiently impertinent. She is one of those Ladies who make ten Visits in an Afternoon, and entertain her they see, with speaking ill of the last, from whom they parted: In few Words, she is one of the greatest Coquette's in *Madrid*: And to shew she is one, she cannot speak ten Words without some affected Phrase that is in fashion.

Bel. For my Part I can suffer any Impertinence from a Woman, provided she be handsome: My Business is with her Beauty, not with her Morals: Let her Confessor look to them.

Mask. I wonder what she has to say to you?

Bel. I know not; but I sweat for fear I should be gravell'd.

Mask.

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Mask. Venture out of your Depth, and plunge boldly; Sir; I warrant you will swim.

Bel. Do not leave me, I charge you; but when I look mournfully upon you, help me out.

Enter Aurelia and Camilla.

Mask. Here they are already.

[Aurelia plucks up her Hair.

Aur. How am I dress'd to Night, *Camilla*? Is nothing disorder'd in my Head?

Cam. Not the least Hair, Madam.

Aur. No? let me see: Give me the Counsellor of the Graces.

Cam. The Counsellor of the Graces, Madam?

Aur. My Glass, I mean: What, will you never be so spiritual as to understand refin'd Language?

Cam. Madam!

Aur. Madam me no Madam, but learn to retrench your Words; and say Mam; as yes Mam, and no Mam, as other Ladies Women do. Madam! 'tis a Year in pronouncing.

Cam. Pardon me, Madam.

Aur. Yet again, Ignorance! Pardon, Madam! fie, fie, what a Superfluity is there, and how much sweeter the Cadence is, parn me Mam! and for your Ladyship, your Laship — Out upon't, what a furious Indigence of Ribbands is here upon my Head! This Dress is a Libel to my Beauty; a meer Lampoon. Would any one that had the least Revenue of common Sense have done this?

Cam. Mam, the Cavalier approaches your Laship.

Bel. to Mask. *Maskall*, pump the Woman; and see if you can discover any thing to save my Credit.

Aur. Out upon it! now I should speak, I want Assurance.

Bel. Madam, I was told you meant to honour me with your Commands.

Aur. I believe, Sir, you wonder at my Confidence in this Visit: But I may be excus'd for waving a little Modesty, to know the only Person of the Age.

Bel. I wish my Skill were more to serve you, Madam.

Aur.

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Aur. Sir, you are an unfit Judge of your own Merits : For my own part I confess, I have a furious Inclination for the occult Sciences ; but at present, 'tis my Misfortune ——— [Sighs.

Bel. But why that Sigh, Madam ?

Aur. You might spare me the Shame of telling you ; since I am sure you can divine my Thoughts : I will therefore tell you nothing.

Bel. What the Devil will become of me now ! [Aside.

Aur. You may give me an Essay of your Science, by declaring to me the Secret of my Thoughts.

Bel. If I know your Thoughts, Madam, 'tis in vain for you to disguise them to me : Therefore as your tender your own Satisfaction, lay them open without Bashfulness.

Aur. I beseech you let us pass over that Chapter ; for I am shame-fac'd to the last Point : Since, therefore, I cannot put off my Modesty, succour it, and tell me what I think.

Bel. Madam, Madam, that Bashfulness must be laid aside : Not but that I know your Business perfectly ; and will if you please unfold it to you all, immediately.

Aur. Favour me so far, I beseech you, Sir ; for I furiously desire it.

Bel. But then I must call up before you a most dreadful Spirit, with Head upon Head, and Horns upon Horns : Therefore consider how you can endure it.

Aur. This is furiously Furious ; but rather than fail of my Expectances, I'll try my Assurance.

Bel. Well then, I find you will force me to this unlawful, and abominable Act of Conjurat ion : Remember the Sin is yours too.

Aur. I espouse the Crime also.

Bel. I see when a Woman has a mind to't, she'll never boggle at a Sin. Pox on her, what shall I do ? — Well, I'll tell you your Thoughts, Madam ; but after that expect no farther Service from me ; for 'tis your Confidence must make my Art successful : — Well, you are obstinate, then, I must tell you your Thoughts ?

Aur. Hold, hold, Sir, I am content to pass over that Chapter, rather than be depriv'd of your Assistance.

Bel.

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Bel. 'Tis very well ; what need these Circumstances between us two ? Confess freely, is not Love your Business ?

Aur. You have touch'd me to the Quick, Sir.

Bel. La you there ; you see I knew it ; nay, I'll tell you more, 'tis a Man you Love.

Aur. O prodigious Science ! I confess I love a Man most furiously, to the last Point, Sir.

Bel. Now proceed, Lady, your way is open ; I am resolv'd, I'll not tell you a Word farther.

Aur. Well then, since I must acquaint you with what you know much better than my self, I will tell you I lov'd a Cavalier, who was noble, young, and handsome ; this Gentleman is since gone for *Flanders* ; now whether he has preserv'd his Passion inviolate or not, is that which causes my Inquietude.

Bel. Trouble not your self, Madam ; he's as constant as a Romance Heroe.

Aur. Sir, your good News has ravish'd most furiously ; but that I may have a Confirmation of it, I beg only, that you would lay your Commands upon his Genius, or Idea, to appear to me this Night, that I may have my Sentence from his Mouth. This, Sir, I know is a slight Effect of your Science, and yet will infinitely oblige me.

Bel. What the Devil does she call a slight Effect ! [*Aside.*] Why Lady, do you consider what you say ? you desire me to shew you a Man whom your self confesses to be in *Flanders*.

Aur. To view him in a Glass is nothing, I would speak with him in Person, I mean his Idea, Sir.

Bel. Ay, but, Madam, there is a vast Sea betwixt us and *Flanders* ; and Water is an Enemy to Conjunction : A Witch's Horse you know, when she enters into Water, returns into a Bottle of Hay again.

Aur. But, Sir, I am not so ill a Geographer, or to speak more properly, a Chorographer, as not to know there is a Passage by Land from hence to *Flanders*.

Bel. That's true, Madam, but Magick works in a direct Line. Why should you think the Devil such an

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Als to go about ? 'gad he'll not stir a Step out of his Road for you or any Man.

Aur. Yes, for a Lady, Sir ; I hope he's a Person that wants not that Civility for a Lady : Especially a Spirit that has the Honour to belong to you, Sir.

Bel. For that matter he's your Servant, Madam ; but his Education has been in the Fire, and he's naturally an Enemy to Water, I assure you.

Aur. I beg his Pardon for forgetting his Antipathy ; but it imports not much, Sir ; for I have lately receiv'd a Letter from my Servant, that he is yet in *Spain* ; and stays for a Wind in *St. Sebastians*.

Bel. Now I am lost, past all Redemption — *Maskall* — must you be smickering after Wenches, while I am in Calamity ?

Mask. It must be he, I'll venture on't. [*Aside.*] Alas, Sir, I was complaining to my self of the Condition of poor *Don Melchior*, who you know is wind-bound at *St. Sebastians*.

Bel. Why you impudent Villain, must you offer to name him publickly, when I have taken so much care to conceal him all this while ?

Aur. Mitigate your Displeasure, I beseech you ; and without making farther Testimony of it, gratify my Expectancies.

Bel. Well, Madam, since the Sea hinders not, you shall have your Desire. Look upon me with a fix'd Eye — so — or a little more amorously, if you please — Good. Now favour me with your Hand.

Aur. Is it absolutely necessary you should press my Hand thus ?

Bel. Furiously necessary, I assure you, Madam ; for now I take Possession of it in the Name of the Idea of *Don Melchior*. Now, Madam, I am farther to desire of you, to write a Note to his Genius, wherein you desire him to appear, and this we Men of Art call a Compact with the Idea's.

Aur. I tremble furiously.

Bel. Give me your Hand, I'll guide it. [*They write.*]

Mask.

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Mask. to Cam. Now, Lady mine, what think you of my Master?

Cam. I think I would not serve him for the World: Nay, if he can know our Thoughts by looking on us, we Women are Hypocrites to little purpose.

Mask. He can do that and more; for by casting his Eyes but once upon them, he knows whether they are Maids, better than a whole Jury of Midwives.

Cam. Now Heaven defend me from him.

Mask. He has a certain small Familiar which he carries still about him, that never fails to make discovery.

Cam. See, they have done writing; not a word more, for fear he knows my Voice.

Bel. One thing I had forgot, Madam, you must subscribe your Name to't.

Aur. There 'tis; farewell Cavalier, keep your Promise, for I expect it furiously.

Cam. If he sees me, I am undone. [*Hiding her Face.*]

Bel. Camilla!

Cam. starts and shrieks. Ah he has found me; I am ruin'd!

Bel. You hide your Face in vain; for I see into your Heart.

Cam. Then, sweet Sir, have pity on my Frailty; for if my Lady has the least inkling of what we did last Night, the poor Coachman will be turn'd away.

[*Exit after her Lady.*]

Mask. Well, Sir, how like you your new Profession?

Bel. Would I were well quit on't; I sweat all over.

Mask. But what faint-hearted Devils yours are that will not go by Water? Are they all *Lancashire* Devils, of the Brood of *Tybert* and *Grimalkin*, that they dare not wet their Feet?

Bel. Mine are honest Land Devils, good plain Foot-Posts, that beat upon the Hoof for me: But to save their Labour, here take this, and in some Disguise deliver it to Don *Melchior*.

Mask. I'll serve it upon him within this Hour, when he sallies out to his Assignment with *Theodofia*; 'Tis but counter-

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counterfeiting my Voice a little; for he cannot know me in the dark. But let me see, what are the Words?

Reads.] Don Melchior, if the Magick of Love have any Power upon your Spirit, I conjure you to appear this Night before me: You may guess the greatness of my Passion, since it has forc'd me to have recourse to Art: But no Shape which resembles you can fright
Aurelia.

Bel. Well, I am glad there's one Point gain'd; for by this means he will be hinder'd to-night from entertaining *Theodosia* ——— Pox on him, is he here again?

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Cavalier *Ingles*, I have been seeking you: I have a Present in my Pocket for you; read it by your Art and take it.

Bel. That I could do easily; — but to shew you I am generous, I'll none of your Present; do you think I am mercenary?

Alon. I know you will say now 'tis some Astrological Question, and so 'tis perhaps.

Bel. Ay, 'tis the Devil of a Question without dispute.

Alon. No, 'tis within Dispute: 'Tis a certain Difficulty in the Art; a Problem which you and I will discuss, with the Arguments on both sides.

Bel. At this time I am not problematically given; I have a humour of Complaisance upon me, and will contradict no Man.

Alon. We'll but discuss a little.

Bel. By your Favour I'll not discuss; for I see by the Stars that if I dispute to Day, I am infallibly threatned to be thought ignorant all my Life after.

Alon. Well then, we'll but cast an Eye together, upon my eldest Daughter's Nativity.

Bel. Nativity! ———

Alon. I know what you would say now, that there wants the Table of Direction for the five Hylegiacalls; the Ascendant, *Medium Cæli*, Sun, Moon, and Stars. But we'll take it as it is.

Bel. Never tell me that, Sir ———

Alon.

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Alon. I know what you would say again, Sir —

Bel. 'Tis well you do, for I'll be sworn I do not —

[*Aside.*]

Alon. You would say, Sir —

Bel. I say, Sir, there is no doing without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir. And so you may make use of your Paper for your Occasions. Come to a Man of Art without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir — [*Tears it.*]

Alon. 'Tis no matter; this shall break no Squares betwixt us. [*Gathers up the torn Papers.*] I know what you would say now, that Men of Parts are always cholerick; I know it by my self, Sir. [*He goes to match the Papers.*]

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Don *Alonzo* in my House! this is a most happy Opportunity to put my other Design in execution; for if I can persuade him to bestow his Daughter on Don *Melchior*, I shall serve my Friend, though against his Will: And, when *Aurelia* sees she cannot be his, perhaps she will accept my Love.

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis all piec'd right, both top, sides and bottom; for, look you, Sir, here was *Aldibaran*, and there *Cor Scorpii* —

Lop. Don *Alonzo*, I am happy to see you under my Roof: And shall take it —

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that though I am your Neighbour, this is the first time I have been here — [*To Bellamy.*] But, come, Sir, by Don *Lopez* his Permission let us return to our Nativity.

Bel. Would thou wert there, in thy Mother's Belly again. [*Aside.*]

Lop. But Sennor —

[*To Alonzo.*]

Alon. It needs not Sennor; I'll suppose your Compliment; you would say that your House and all things in it are at my Service: But let us proceed without his Interruption.

Bel. By no means, Sir; this Cavalier is come on purpose to perform the Civilities of his House to you.

Alon. But, good Sir —

Bel. I know what you would say, Sir.

[*Exeunt Bellamy and Maskall.*]

Lop.

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Lop. No matter, let him go, Sir; I have long desir'd this Opportunity to move a Suit to you in the Behalf of a Friend of mine: If you please to allow me the hearing of it.

Alon. With all my Heart, Sir.

Lop. He is a Person of Worth and Virtue, and is infinitely ambitious of the Honour ———

Alon. Of being known to me; I understand you, Sir.

Lop. If you will please to favour me with your Patience, which I beg of you a second time.

Alon. I am dumb, Sir.

Lop. This Cavalier of whom I was speaking, is in Love ———

Alon. Satisfie your self, Sir, I'll not interrupt you.

Lop. Sir, I am satisfied of your Promise.

Alon. If I speak one Syllable more, the Devil take me! Speak when you please.

Lop. I am going, Sir.

Alon. You need not speak twice to me to be silent: Though I take it somewhat ill of you to be tutor'd. ———

Lop. This eternal old Man will make me mad. [*Aside.*]

Alon. Why when do you begin, Sir? How long must a Man wait for you? Pray make an end of what you have to say quickly, that I may speak in my turn too.

Lop. This Cavalier is in Love ———

Alon. You told me that before, Sir; do you speak Oracles, that you require this strict Attention? Either let me share the Talk with you, or I am gone.

Lop. Why, Sir, I am almost mad to tell you, and you will not suffer me.

Alon. Will you never have done, Sir? I must tell you, Sir, you have tattled long enough; and 'tis now good Manners to hear me speak. Here's a Torrent of Words indeed; a very *impetus dicendi*; will you never have done?

Lop. I will be heard in spite of you.

[*This next Speech of Lopez, and the next of Alonzo's, with both their Replies, are to be spoken at one time, both raising their Voices by little and little, till they bawl, and come up close to shoulder one another.*]

Lop.

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Lop. There's one *Don Melchior de Guzman*, a Friend and Acquaintance of mine, that is desperately in love with your eldest Daughter *Donna Theodosia*.

Alon. at the same time.] 'Tis the Sentence of a Philosopher, *Loquere ut te videam*; speak that I may know thee; now if you take away the Power of speaking from me —

[Both pause a little; then speak together again.]

Lop. I'll try the Language of the Law; sure the Devil cannot out-talk that Gibberish — For this *Don Melchior* of *Madrid* aforesaid, as premised, I request, move, and supplicate, that you would give, bestow, marry, and give in Marriage, this your Daughter aforesaid, to the Cavalier aforesaid — not yet, thou Devil of a Man thou shalt be silent — [Exit Lopez running.]

Alon. [At the same time with Lopez his last Speech, and after Lopez is run out.] Oh, how I hate, abominate, detest and abhor, these perpetual Talkers, Disputants, Controversers, and Duellers of the Tongue! But on the other side, if it be not permitted to prudent Men to speak their Minds, appositely, and to the purpose, and in few Words — If, I say, the Prudent must be Tongue-ty'd; then let great Nature be destroy'd; let the Order of all things be turn'd topsie-turvy; let the Goose devour the Fox, let the Infants preach to their Great-Grandfires; let the tender Lamb pursue the Wolf, and the Sick prescribe to the Physician. Let Fishes live upon dry Land, and the Beasts of the Earth inhabit in the Water. — Let the fearful Hare —

Enter Lopez with a Bell, and rings it in his Ears.

Alon. Help, help, murder, murder, murder!

[Exit Alonzo running.]

Lop. There was no way but this to be rid of him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are some Women without in Masquerade; and, I believe, Persons of Quality; who are come to Play here.

Lop. Bring 'em in with all Respect.

Enter

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Enter again the Servant, after him Jacintha, Beatrix, and other Ladies and Gentlemen; all masqued.

Lop. Cavaliers, and Ladies, you are welcome: I wish I had more Company to entertain you: — Oh, here comes one sooner than I expected.

Enter Wildblood and Maskall.

Wild. I have swept your Gaming house, i'faith, *Ecce signum.* [Shows Gold.]

Lop. Well, here's more to be had of these Ladies, if it be your Fortune.

Wild. The first Stakes I would play for, should be their Vails, and Visor Masks.

Jac. to Beat. Do you think he will not know us?

Beat. If you keep your Design for passing for an African.

Jac. Well, now I shall make an absolute tryal of him; for, being thus *Incognita*, I shall discover if he make Love to any of you. As for the Gallantry of his Serenade, we will not be indebted to him, for we will make him another with our Guittars.

Beat. I'll whisper your Intention to the Servant, who shall deliver it to Don Lopez. [*Beat. whispers to the Serv.*]

Serv. to Lopez. Sir, the Ladies have commanded me to tell you, that they are willing before they Play, to present you with a Dance; and to give you an Essay of their Guittars.

Lop. They much Honour me.

A D A N C E.

After the Dance the Cavaliers take the Ladies and Court them. Wildblood takes Jacintha.

Wild. While you have been Singing, Lady, I have been Praying: I mean, that your Face and Wit may not prove equal to your Dancing; for, if they be, there's a Heart gone astray, to my Knowledge.

Jac. If you pray against me before you have seen me, you'll curse me when you have look'd on me.

Wild. I believe I shall have cause to do so, if your Beauty be as killing as I imagine it.

Jac.

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Jac. 'Tis true, I have been flatter'd in my own Country, with an Opinion of a little Handsomeness; but how it will pass in *Spain* is a Question.

Wild. Why Madam, are you not of *Spain*?

Jac. No, Sir, of *Morocco*: I only came hither to see some of my Relations who are settled here, and turn'd *Christians*, since the Expulsion of my Countrymen the *Moors*.

Wild. Are you then a *Mahometan*?

Jac. A *Musfullman*, at your Service.

Wild. A *Musfullwoman* say you? I protest by your Voice I should have taken you for a Christian Lady of my Acquaintance.

Jac. It seems you are in Love then: If so, I have done with you. I dare not invade the Dominions of another Lady; especially in a Country where my Ancestors have been so unfortunate.

Wild. Some little Liking I might have, but that was only a Morning-dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sun-shine of your Beauty: I find your *African Cupid* is a much surer Archer than ours of *Europe*. Yet would I could see you; one Look would secure your Victory.

Jac. I'll reserve my Face to gratifie your Imagination with it; make what Head you please, and set it on my Shoulders.

Wild. Well, Madam, an Eye, a Nose, or a Lip shall break no Squares: The Face is but a Span's Breadth of Beauty; and where there is so much besides, I'll never stand with you for that.

Jac. But, in earnest, do you love me?

Wild. Ay, by *Alba* do I, most extreamly: You have Wit in abundance, you Dance to a Miracle, you Sing like an Angel, and I believe you look like a Cherubim.

Jac. And can you be constant to me?

Wild. By *Mahomet*, can I.

Jac. You swear like a *Turk*, Sir; but, take heed: For our Prophet is a severe Punisher of Promise-breakers.

Wild. Your Prophet's a Cavalier; I honour your Prophet and his Law, for providing so well for us Lovers in the other World, black Eyes, and fresh Maidenheads every

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every Day; go thy way little *Mahomet*, i'faith thou shalt have my good Word. But, by his Favour, Lady, give me leave to tell you, that we of the Uncircumcised, in a civil way, as Lovers, have somewhat the Advantage of your Musfullman.

Jac. The Company are rejoin'd and set to play; we must go to 'em: Adieu, and when you have a Thought to throw away, bestow it on your Servant *Fatyma*.

[*She goes to the Company.*]

Wild. This Lady *Fatyma* pleases me most infinitely: Now am I got among the *Hamets*, the *Zegrys*, and the *Bencerrages*. Hey, what Work will the *Wildbloods* make among the *Cids* and the *Bens* of the *Arabians*?

Beat. to Jac. False, or true, Madam?

Jac. False as Hell; but by Heav'n, I'll fit him for't: Have you the high-running Dice about you?

Beat. I got them on purpose, Madam.

Jac. You shall see me win all their Money; and when I have done, I'll return in my own Person, and ask him for the Money which he promis'd me.

Beat. 'Twill put him upon a streight to be so surprized: But, let us to the Table; the Company stays for us.

[*The Company sit.*]

Wild. What is the Ladies Game, Sir?

Lop. Most commonly they use Raffle. That is, to throw with three Dice, till Duplets, and a Chance be thrown; and the highest Duplet wins, except you throw In and In, what is call'd Raffle; and that wins all.

Wild. I understand it: Come, Lady, 'tis no matter what I lose; the greatest Stake, my Heart, is gone already.

[*To Jacintha. They play: And the rest by Couples.*]

Wild. So, I have a good Chance, two Quarters and a Sice.

Jac. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it ———

[*Sweeps the Money.*]

Wild. No matter; I'll try my Fortune once again: What have I here, two Sixes and a Quarter? — an hundred Pistoles on that Throw.

Jac. I take you, Sir. — *Beatrix*, the high-running Dice. ———

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Q

Beat.

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Beat. Here, Madam. ———

Jac. Three Fives : I have won you, Sir.

Wild. Ay, the Pox take me for't, you have won me : It would never have vex'd me to have lost my Money to a Christian ; but to a Pagan, an Infidel ———

Mask. Pray, Sir, leave off while you have some Money.

Wild. Pox of this Lady *Fatyma* ! Raffle thrice together, I am out of patience.

Mask. [*To him.*] Sir, I beseech you if you will lose, to lose *en Cavalier*.

Wild. Tol de ra, tol de ra ——— pox and curse — tol de ra, &c. What the Devil did I mean to play with this Brunet of *Africa* ? [*The Ladies rise.*]

Wild. Will you be gone already, Ladies ?

Lop. You have won our Money ; but however, we are acknowledging to you for the Honour of your Company. Jac. makes a Sign of farewell to Wild.

Wild. Farewel, Lady *Fatyma*.

[*Exeunt all but Wild. and Mask.*]

Mask. All the Company took Notice of your Concernment.

Wild. 'Tis no matter ; I do not love to fret inwardly, as your silent Losers do, and in the mean time be ready to choak for want of Vent.

Mask. Pray consider your Condition a little ; a younger Brother in a foreign Country, living at a high Rate, your Money lost, and without hope of a Supply. Now curse if you think good.

Wild. No, now I will laugh at my self most unmercifully : For my Condition is so ridiculous, that 'tis past cursing. The pleasantest Part of the Adventure is, that I have promis'd three hundred Pistoles to *Jacintha* : But there is no remedy, they are now fair *Fatyma*'s.

Mask. *Fatyma* !

Wild. Ay, ay, a certain *African* Lady of my Acquaintance, whom you know not.

Mask. But who is here, Sir !

Enter Jacintha and Beatrix in their own Shapes.

Wild. Madam, what happy Star has conducted you hither to Night ! — A thousand Devils of this Fortune. [*Aside*]

Jac.

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Jac. I was told you had Ladies here, and Fiddles ; so I came partly for the Divertisement, and partly out of Jealousie.

Wild. Jealousie ! why sure you do not think me a Pagan, an Infidel ? But the Company's broke up, you see. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be so kind to take a hard Lodging with me to Night ?

Jac. You shall have the Honour to lead me to my Father's.

Wild. No more Words then, let's away to prevent Discovery.

Beat. For my Part, I think he has a mind to be rid of you.

Wild. No : But if your Lady should want Sleep, 'twould spoil the Lustre of her Eyes to-morrow. There were a Conquest lost.

Jac. I am a peaceable Princess, and content with my own ; I mean your Heart and Purse ; for the Truth is, I have lost my Money to Night in Masquerade, and am come to claim your Promise of supplying me.

Wild. You make me happy by commanding me : To-morrow Morning my Servant shall wait upon you with three hundred Pistoles.

Jac. But I left my Company with promise to return to play.

Wild. Play on tick, and lose the Indies, I'll discharge it all to-morrow.

Jac. To-night, if you'll oblige me.

Wild. Maskall, go and bring me three hundred Pistoles immediately.

Mask. Are you mad, Sir ?

Wild. Do you expostulate, you Rascal ! how he stares ; I'll be hang'd, if he have not lost my Gold at Play : If you have, confess you had best, and perhaps I'll pardon you ; but if you do not confess, I'll have no Mercy : Did you lose it ?

Mask. Sir, 'tis not for me to dispute with you.

Wild. Why, then let me tell you, you did lose it.

Jac. Ay, as sure as e'er he had it, I dare swear for him : but commend me to you for a kind Master, that can

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let your Servant play off three hundred Pistoles, without the least Sign of Anger to him.

Beat. 'Tis a sign he has a greater Bank in store to comfort him.

Wild. Well, Madam, I must confess I have more than I will speak of at this time; but till you have given me Satisfaction ———

Jac. Satisfaction; why, are you offended, Sir?

Wild. Heav'n! that you should not perceive it in me: I tell you, I am mortally offended with you.

Jac. Sure 'tis impossible.

Wild. You have done nothing, I warrant, to make a Man jealous: Going out a Gaming in Masquerade, at unseasonable Hours, and losing your Money at Play; that Loss above all provokes me.

Beat. I believe you; because she comes to you for more.

Jac. Is this the Quarrel? I'll clear it immediately.

Wild. 'Tis impossible you should clear it; I'll stop my Ears, if you but offer it. There's no Satisfaction in the Point.

Jac. You'll hear me? ———

Wild. To do this in the Beginning of an Amour, and to a jealous Servant as I am; had I all the Wealth of Peru, I would not let go one Maravedis to you.

Jac. To this I answer ———

Wild. Answer nothing, for it will but inflame the Quarrel betwixt us: I must come to my self by little and little; and when I am ready for Satisfaction, I will take it: But at present it is not for my Honour to be Friends.

Beat. Pray let us neighbour Princes interpose a little.

Wild. When I have conquer'd, you may interpose; but at present the Mediation of all Christendom would be fruitless.

Jac. Though Christendom can do nothing with you, yet I hope an *African* may prevail. Let me beg you for the sake of the Lady *Fatyma*.

Wild. I begin to suspect that Lady *Fatyma* is no better than she should be. If she be turn'd Christian again, I am undone.

Jac.

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Jac. By *Alba*, I am afraid on't too: by *Mabomet*, I am.

Wild. Well, well, Madam, any Man may be overtaken with an Oath; but I never meant to perform it with her: You know, no Oaths are to be kept with Infidels. But——

Jac. No, the Love you made was certainly a Design of Charity you had to reconcile the two Religions. There's scarce such another Man in *Europe* to be sent Apostle to convert the *Moor* Ladies.

Wild. Faith, I would rather widen their Breaches, than make 'em up.

Jac. I see there's no hope of a Reconcilement with you; and therefore I give it o'er as desperate.

Wild. You have gain'd your Point, you have my Money; and I was only angry, because I did not know 'twas you, who had it.

Jac. This will not serve your turn, Sir; what I have got, I have conquer'd from you.

Wild. Indeed you use me like one that's conquer'd; for you have plunder'd me of all I had.

Jac. I only disarm'd you, for fear you should rebel again; for if you had the Sinews of War, I am sure you would be flying out.

Wild. Dare but to stay without a new Servant, till I am flush again; and I will love you, and treat you, and present you at that unreasonable Rate; that I will make you an Example to all unbelieving Mistresses.

Jac. Well, I will try you once more; but you must make haste then, that we may be within our time; methinks our Love is drawn out so subtle already, that 'tis near breaking.

Wild. I will have more care of it on my Part, than the Kindred of an old Pope have to preserve him.

Jac. Adieu; for this time I wipe off your Score, till you're caught tripping in some new Amour.

[*Exe. Women.*]

Mask. You have us'd me very kindly, Sir, I thank you.

Wild. You deserv'd it for not having a Lye ready for my Occasions. A good Servant should be no more with-

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out it, than a Soldier without his Arms. But pr'ythee advise what's to be done to get *Jacintha*.

Mask. You have lost her, or will lose her by your Submitting: If we Men could but learn to value our selves, we should soon take down our Mistresses from all their Altitudes, and make 'em dance after our Pipes, longer perhaps, than we had a mind to't ——— But I must make haste, or I shall lose *Don Melchior*. ———

Wild. Call *Bellamy*, we'll both be present at the Enterprize: Then I'll once more to the Gaming-house with my small Stock, for my last Refuge: If I win, I have wherewithal to mollifie *Jacintha*.

If I throw out, I'll bear it off with Huffing;

And snatch the Money like a Bully-Ruffin. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T · IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood: Maskall in a Visor.

Bel. **H**ERE comes one, and in all probability it must be *Don Melchior*, going to *Theodosia*.

Mask. Stand close, and you shall see me serve the Writ upon him.

Enter Don Melchior.

Wild. Now, *Maskall*.

Mask. I stay'd here, Sir, by express Order from the Lady *Aurelia*, to deliver you this Note; and to desire you from her to meet her immediately in the Garden.

Mel. Do you hear, Friend!

Mask. Not a Syllable more, Sir, I have perform'd my Orders. [*Mask. retires to his Masters.*]

Mel. He's gone, and 'tis in vain for me to look after him. What envious Devil has discover'd to *Aurelia* that I am in Town? It must be *Don Lopez*, who, to advance his own Pretensions to her, has endeavour'd to ruin mine.

Wild. It works rarely.

Mel.

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Mel. But I am resolv'd to see *Aurelia*; if it be but to defeat him. [Exit *Mel.*

Wild. Let's make haste after him; I long to see the End of this Adventure.

Mask. Sir, I think I see some Women coming yonder.

Bel. Well; I'll leave you to your Adventures; while I prosecute my own.

Wild. I warrant you have made an Assignment to instruct some Lady in the Mathematicks.

Bel. I'll not tell you my Design; because, if it does not succeed, you shall not laugh at me. [Exit *Bel.*

Enter *Beatrix*; and *Jacintha* in the Habit of a Mulatta.

Wild. Let us withdraw a little, and see if they will come this way.

Beat. We are right, Madam, 'tis certainly your *Englishman*, and his Servant with him. But, why this second Trial, when you engag'd to break with him, if he fail'd in the first?

Jac. 'Tis true, he has been a little inconstant; Cholerick, or so.

Beat. And it seems you are not contented with those Vices; but are searching him for more. This is the Folly of a bleeding Gamester, who will obstinately pursue a losing Hand.

Jac. On t'other side you would have me throw up my Cards, before the Game be lost: Let me make this one more Trial, when he has Money, whether he will give it me, and then, if he fails——

Beat. You'll forgive him again.

Jac. He's already in Purgatory; but the next Offence shall put him in the Pit, past all Redemption; pr'ythee sing to draw him nearer: Sure he cannot know me in this disguise.

Beat. Make haste then; for I have more Irons in the Fire: When I have done with you, I have another Assignment of my Lady *Theodosia's* to *Don Melchior*.

S O N G.

CALM was the Even, and clear was the Sky,
 And the new-budding Flowers did spring,
 When all alone went Amyntas and I,
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 I sate, and he laid him down by me;
 But scarcely his Breath he could draw;
 For when with a Fear he began to draw near,
 He was dash'd with *A ha, ha, ha, ha!*

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,
 And his Modesty curb'd his Desire;
 But straight I convinc'd all his Fear with a Smile,
 Which added new Flames to his Fire.
 O Sylvia, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;
 Then once more he prest with his Hand to my Breast,
 But was dash'd with *A ha, ha, ha, ha!*

I knew 'twas his Passion that caus'd all his Fear;
 And therefore I pity'd his Case:
 I whisper'd him softly, There's no body near,
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw;
 And just as our Bliss we began with a Kiss,
 He laugh'd out with *A ha, ha, ha, ha!*

Wild. If you dare be the *Silvia*, Lady, I have brought
 you a more confident *Amyntas*, than that bashful Gentleman
 in your Song ——— [Goes to lay hold of her.]

Jac. Hold, hold, Sir; I am only an Ambassadress
 sent you from a Lady, I hope you will not violate the
 Laws of Nations.

Wild. I was only searching for your Letters of Cre-
 dence: But methinks with that Beauty, you look more
 like a Herald that comes to denounce War to all Man-
 kind ———

Jac.

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Jac. One of the Ladies in the Masque to Night has taken a liking to you; and sent you by me this Purse of Gold, in recompence of that she saw you lose.

Wild. And she expects in return of it, that I should wait on her; I'll do't, where lives she? I am desperately in Love with her.

Jac. Why, can you love her unknown?

Wild. I have a Bank of Love, to supply every ones Occasions; some for her, some for another, and some for you; charge what you will upon me, I pay all at sight, and without questioning who brought the Bill.

Jac. Heyday, you dispatch your Mistresses as fast, as if you meant to o'er-run all Woman-kind: Sure you aim at the Universal-Monarchy.

Wild. Now I think on't, I have a Foolish Fancy to send thy Lady a Taste of my Love by thee.

Jac. 'Tis impossible your Love should be so humble, to descend to a *Mulatta*.

Wild. One would think so, but I cannot help it. Gad, I think the Reason is because there's something more of Sin in thy Colour than in ours. I know not what's the matter, but a *Turky-Cock* is not more provok'd at Red, than I bristle at the Sight of Black. Come, be kinder to me. Young, and slip an Opportunity? 'Tis an Evening lost out of your Life.

Jac. These fine things you have said over a thousand times; your cold Compliment's the cold Pye of Love, which you serve up to every new Guest whom you invite.

Wild. Come; because thou art very moving, here's part of the Gold, which thou brought'st to corrupt me for thy Lady: Truth is, I had promis'd a Sum to a *Spanish Lady* — but thy Eyes have allured it from me.

Jac. You'll repent to-morrow.

Wild. Let to-morrow starve: or provide for himself, as to-night has done: To-morrow is a Cheat in Love, and I will not trust it.

Jac. Ay, but Heav'n that sees all things —

Wild. Heav'n that sees all things, will say nothing: That is all Eyes, and no Tongue; *Et la lune, & les estoiles*, — you know the Song.

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Jac. A poor Slave, as I am ———

Wild. It has been always my Humour to love downward. I love to stoop to my Prey, and to have it in my Power to Sowse at, when I please. When a Man comes to a great Lady, he is fain to approach her with Fear and Reverence; methinks there's something of Godliness in't.

Jac. Yet I cannot believe, but the Meanness of my Habit must needs scandalize you.

Wild. I tell thee, my Friend and so forth, that I exceedingly honour coarse Linen; 'tis as proper sometimes in an under Garment, as a coarse Towel is to rub and scrub me.

Jac. Now I am altogether of the other side, I can love no where but above me: Methinks the rattling of a Coach and Six sounds more eloquently, than the best Harangue a Wit could make me.

Wild. Do you make no more esteem of a Wit then?

Jac. His Commendations serve only to make others have a mind to me; he does but say Grace to me like a Chaplain; and like him is the last that shall fall on. He ought to get no more by it, than a poor Silk-weaver does by the Ribband which he works, to make a Gallant fine.

Wild. Then what is a Gentleman to hope from you?

Jac. To be admitted to pass my time with, while a better comes: To be the lowest Step in my Stair-case, for a Knight to mount upon him, and a Lord upon him, and a Marquess upon him, and a Duke upon him, till I get as high as I can climb.

Wild. For ought I see, the great Ladies have the Appetites which you Slaves should have; and you Slaves the Pride which ought to be in Ladies. For, I observe, that all Women of your Condition are like Women of the Play-house, still piquing at each other, who shall go the best dress'd, and in the richest Habits: Till you work up one another by your high flying, as the Heron and Jer-falcon do. If you cannot out-shine your Fellow with one Lover, you fetch her up with another: And in short, all you get by it is only to put Finery out of Countenance;
and

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and to make the Ladies of Quality go plain, because they will avoid the Scandal of your Bravery.

Beat. running in. Madam, come away ; I hear Company in the Garden.

Wild. You are not going ?

Jac. Yes, to cry out a Rape if you follow me.

Wild. However, I am glad you have left your Treasure behind you : Farewel, Fairy.

Jac. Farewel, Changeling — Come, *Beatrix*.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Mask. Do you know how you came by this Money, Sir ? You think, I warrant, that it came by Fortune.

Wild. No, Sirrah, I know it came by my own Industry. Did not I come out diligently to meet this Gold, in the very way it was to come ? What could Fate do less for me ? They are such thoughtless, and undesigning Rogues as you, that make a drudge of poor Providence, and set it a shifting for you. Give me a brave Fellow like my self ; that if you throw him down into the World, lights every where upon his Legs, and helps himself without being beholden to Fate, that is the Hospital of Fools.

Mask. But after all your Jollity, what think you if it was *Jacinta* that gave it you in this Disguise ? I am sure I heard her call *Beatrix* as she went away.

Wild. Umh ! thou awaken'st a most villainous Apprehension in me ! methought, indeed, I knew the Voice ; but the Face was such an Evidence against it ! if it were so, she is lost for ever.

Mask. And so is *Beatrix*.

Wild. Now could I cut my Throat for madness.

Mask. Now could I break my Neck for despair ; if I could find a Precipice absolutely to my liking.

Wild. 'Tis in vain to consider on't. There's but one way ; go you *Maskall*, and find her out, and invent some Excuse for me, and be sure to beg leave I may come and wait upon her with the Gold before she sleeps.

Mask. In the mean time you'll be thinking at your Lodging.

Wild.

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Wild. But make haste then to relieve me; for I think over all my Thoughts in half an Hour. [*Exit Mask.*]

Wild. solus, Hang't, now I think on't, I shall be but melancholick at at my Lodging, I'll go pass my Hour at the Gaming-house, and make use of this Money while I have Tools, to win more to it. Stay, let me see, I have the Box and throw. My Don he sets me ten Pistoles; I nick him; Ten more, I sweep them too. Now in all reason he is nettled, and sets me twenty: I win them too. Now he kindles, and butters me with forty. They are all my own: In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to fourscore or an hundred; and I not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate winner of two hundred Pistoles.

The SCENE opens and discovers Aurelia and Camilla: Behind them a Table and Lights set on it.
The Scene is a Garden with an Arbour in it.

The Garden Door opens! How now *Aurelia* and *Camilla* in expectation of *Don Melchior* at the Garden Door! I'll away lest I prevent the Design, and within this half Hour come sailing back with full Pockets, as wantonly as a laden Galleon from the *Indies*. [*Exit.*]

Aur. But dost thou think the *Englishman* can keep his Promise? For I confess I furiously desire to see the Idea of *Don Melchior*.

Cam. But, Madam, if you should see him, it will not be he, but the Devil in his Likeness; and then why should you desire it?

Aur. In effect 'tis a very dark *Enigma*; and one must be very spiritual to understand it. But be what it will, Body or Fantom, I am resolv'd to meet it.

Cam. Can you do it without Fear?

Aur. No; I must avow it, I am furiously fearful; but yet I am resolv'd to sacrifice all things to my Love. Therefore let us pass over that Chapter.

[*Don Melchior without.*]

Cam. Do you hear, Madam, there's one treading already; how if it be he?

Aur.

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Aur. If it be he; that is to say, his Specter, that is to say, his Phantom, that is to say, his Idea, that is to say, he and not he.

Cam. crying out. Ah, Madam, 'tis he himself; but he's as big again as he us'd to be, with Eyes like Sawcers.—
I'll save my self. *[Runs under the Table.]*

Enter Don Melchior: They both shriek.

Aur. Oh Heav'n! Humanity is not able to support it. *[Running.]*

Mel. Dear *Aurelia*, what mean you?

Aur. The Tempter has imitated his Voice too; avoid, avoid, Specter.

Cam. If he should find me under the Table now!

Mel. Is it thus, my Dear, that you treat your Servant?

Aur. I am not thy Dear; I renounce thee, Spirit of Darknes.

Mel. This Spirit of Darknes is come to see an Angel of Light by her Command; and to assure her of his Constancy, that he will be hers eternally.

Aur. Away Infernal, 'tis not thee, 'tis the true Don *Melchior* that I would see.

Mel. Hell and Furies!

Aur. Heav'n and Angels! Ah — *[Runs out shrieking.]*

Mel. This is a Riddle past my finding out, to send for me, and then to shun me; but here's one shall resolve it for me: *Camilla*, what dost thou there?

Cam. Help, help, I shall be carried away bodily.

[She rises up, overthrows the Table and Lights, and runs out. The Scene shuts.]

Mel. alone. Why *Aurelia*, *Camilla*! they are both run out of hearing! this amazes me; what can the meaning of it be? Sure she has heard of my Unfaithfulness, and was resolv'd to punish me by this Contrivance! to put an Affront upon me by this abrupt Departure, as I did on her by my seeming Absence.

Enter Theodosia and Beatrix.

Theo. Don *Melchior*! is it you, my Love, that have frighted *Aurelia* so terribly?

Mel. Alas, Madam, I know not; but coming hither by your Appointment, and thinking my self secure in the Night

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Night without Disguise, perhaps it might work upon her Fancy, because she thought me absent.

Theo. Since 'tis so unluckily fallen out, that she knows you are at *Madrid*, it can no longer be kept a Secret; therefore you must now pretend openly to me, and run the risque of a Denial from my Father.

Mel. O, Madam, there's no Question but he'll refuse me: For alas, what is it he can see in me worthy of that Honour? Or if he should be so partial to me, as some in the World are, to think me valiant, learned, and not altogether a Fool, yet my want of Fortune would weigh down all.

Theo. When he has refus'd you his Consent, I may with Justice dispose of my self; and that, while you are constant, shall never be to any but your self: In witness of which, accept this Diamond as a Pledge of my Heart's Firmness to you.

Beat. Madam, your Father is coming this way.

Theo. 'Tis no matter; do not stir; since he must know you are return'd, let him now see you.

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Daughter, what make you here at this unreasonable Hour?

Theo. Sir ———

Alon. I know what you would say, that you heard a Noise, and ran hither to see what it might be — Bless us! who is this with you?

Mel. 'Tis your Servant *Don Melchior*; just return'd from *St. Sebastians*.

Alon. But, Sir, I thought you had been upon the Sea for *Flanders*.

Mel. I had so design'd it.

Alon. But, why came you back from *St. Sebastians*?

Mel. As for that, Sir, 'tis not material ———

Theo. An unexpected Law-Sute has call'd him back from *St. Sebastians*.

Alon. And, how fares my Son-in-law that lives there?

Mel. In Catholick Health, Sir.

Alon. Have you brought no Letters from him?

Mel.

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Mel. I had, Sir, but I was fet upon by the way, by Pickersons: and, in spight of my Resistance, robb'd, and my Portmantua taken from me.

Theo. And this was that which he was now desiring me to excuse to you.

Alon. If my Credit, Friends, or Counsel can do you any Service in your Sute, I hope you will command them freely.

Mel. When I have dispatch'd some private Business, I shall not fail to trouble you; till then, humbly kisses your Hands, the most oblig'd of your Servants.

[Exit Melchior.]

Alon. Daughter, now this Cavalier is gone, what Occasion brought you out so late? I know what you would say, that it is Melancholy; a Tincture of the Hypochondriac you mean: But, what Cause have you for this Melancholy? Give me your Hand, and answer me without Ambages or Ambiguities.

Theo. He will find out I have given away my Ring — I must prevent him — Sir, I am asham'd to confess it to you; but, in hope of your Indulgence, I have lost the Table Diamond you gave me.

Alon. You would say, The fear of my Displeasure has caus'd this Perturbation in you; well, do not disquiet your self too much, you say 'tis gone; I say so too. 'Tis stollen; and that by some Thief, I take it: But, I will go and consult the Astrologer immediately. [He is going.]

Theo. What have I done? To avoid one Inconvenience, I have run into another: This Devil of an Astrologer will discover that Don Melchior has it. [Aside.]

Alon. When did you lose this Diamond? The Minute: and Second I should know; but the Hour will serve for the Degree ascending.

Theo. Sir, the precise time I know not; but, it was betwixt six and seven this Evening, as near as I can guess.

Alon. 'Tis enough; by all the Stars I'll have it for you: Therefore go in, and suppose it on your Finger.

Beat. I'll watch you at a distance, Sir, that my Englishman may have wherewithal to answer you. [Aside.]

[Exit Theo. Beat.]

Alon.

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Alon. This Melancholy wherewith my Daughter laboureth, is — a — I know what I would say, is a certain Species of the Hysterical Disease; or a certain Motion, caused by a certain Appetite, which at a certain Time heaveth in her, like a certain Motion of an Earthquake —

Enter Bellamy.

Bel. This is the Place, and very near the Time that *Theodosia* appoints her Meeting with *Don Melchior*. He is this Night otherwise dispos'd of with *Aurelia*: 'Tis but trying my Fortune to tell her of his Infidelity, and my Love. If she yields, she makes me happy; if not, I shall be sure *Don Melchior* has not planted the Arms of *Spain* in the Fort before me. However, I'll push my Fortune, as sure as I am an *Englishman*.

Alon. Sennor *Inglez*, I know your Voice, tho' I cannot perfectly discern you.

Bel. How the Devil came he to cross me?

Alon. I was just coming to have ask'd another Favour of you.

Bel. Without Ceremony command me, Sir.

Alon. My Daughter *Theodosia* has lost a fair Diamond from her Finger, the Time betwixt six and seven this Evening; now I desire you, Sir, to erect a Scheme for it, and if it be lost, or stollen, to restore it to me — This is all, Sir.

Bel. There is no end of this old Fellow; thus will he bait me from Day to Day, 'till my Ignorance be found out.

Alon. Now is he casting a Figure by the Art of Memory, and making a Judgment of it to himself. This Astrology is a very mysterious Speculation. *[Aside.]*

Bel. 'Tis a madness for me to hope I can deceive him longer. Since then he must know I am no Astrologer, I'll discover it my self to him, and blush once for all.

Alon. Well, Sir, and what do the Stars hold forth? What says nimble Master *Mercury* to the matter?

Bel. Sir, not to keep you longer in Ignorance, I must ingenuously declare to you that I am not the Man for whom

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whom you take me. Some Smattering in Astrology I have ; which my Friends, by their Indiscretion, have blown abroad, beyond my Intentions. But, you are not a Person to be impos'd on like the Vulgar : Therefore to satisfy you in one word, my Skill goes not far enough to give you Knowledge of what you desire from me.

Alon. You have said enough, Sir, to persuade me of your Science ; if Fame had not publish'd it, yet this very Humility of yours were enough to confirm me in the Belief of it.

Bel. Death, you make me mad, Sir : Will you have me Swear ? As I am a Gentleman, a Man of the Town, one who wears good Cloaths, Eats, Drinks, and Wenches abundantly : I am a damn'd ignorant, and senseless Fellow.

Enter Beatrix.

Alon. How now, Gentlewoman—What, are you going to Relief by Moonshine ?

Beat. I was going on a very charitable Office, to help a Friend that was gravell'd in a very doubtful Business.

Bel. Some good News, Fortune, I beseech thee.

Beat. But now I have found this learned Gentleman, I shall make bold to propound a Question to him from a Lady.

Alon. I will have my own Question first resolv'd.

Bel. O, Sir, 'tis from a Lady ———

Beat. If you please, Sir, I'll tell it in your Ear ———
My Lady has given Don *Melchior* the Ring ; in whose Company her Father found her but just now at the Garden Door.

[In whisper.]

Bel. aloud. Come to me to-morrow, and you shall receive an Answer.

Beat. Your Servant, Sir.

[Exit Beatrix.]

Alon. Sir, I shall take it very unkindly if you satisfy any other, and leave me in this Perplexity.

Bel. Sir, if my Knowledge were according ———

Alon. No more of that, Sir, I beseech you.

Bel. Perhaps I may know something by my Art concerning it ; but, for your Quiet, I wish you would not press me.

Alon. Do you think I am not Master of my Passions ?

Bel.

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Bel. Since you will needs know what I would willingly have conceal'd, the Person who has your Diamond, is he whom you saw last in your Daughter's Company.

Alon. You would say 'tis Don *Melchior de Guzman*. Who the Devil would have suspected him of such an Action? But he is of a decay'd Family, and Poverty it seems has inforc'd him to it; Now I think on't better, he has e'en stoln it for a Fee to bribe his Lawyer; to requite a Lye with a Theft; I'll seek him out, and tell him part of my Mind before I sleep. [*Exit Alon.*]

Bel. So, once more I am at Liberty: But this Astrology is so troublesome a Science — would I were well rid on't.

Enter Don Lopez, and a Servant.

Lop. Astrology, does he say? O Cavalier, is it you? not finding you at home, I came on purpose to seek you out: I have a small Request to the Stars by your Mediation.

Bel. Sir, for pity let 'em shine in quiet a little; for what for Ladies, and their Servants, and younger Brothers, they scarce get a Holy-day in a Twelvemonth.

Lop. Pray pardon me, if I am a little curious of my Destiny, since all my Happiness depends on your Answer.

Bel. Well, Sir, what is it you expect?

Lop. To know whether my Love to a Lady will be successful.

Bel. 'Tis *Aurelia*, he means. [*Aside.*] — Sir, in one word I answer you, that your Mistress loves another; one, who is your Friend: But comfort your self; the Dragon's Tail is between him and home, he never shall enjoy her.

Lop. But what Hope for me?

Bel. The Stars have partly assur'd me, you shall be happy, if you acquaint her with your Passion, and with the double Dealing of your Friend, who is false to her.

Lop. You speak like an Oracle. But I have engag'd my Promise to that Friend, to serve him in his Passion to my Mistress.

Bel. We *English* seldom make such Scruples: Women are not compris'd in our Laws of Friendship: They are

sera

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fera natura ; our common Game, like Hare and Partridge : Every Man has equal Right to them, as he has to the Sun and Elements.

Lop. Must I then betray my Friend ?

Bel. In that case my Friend is a *Turk* to me, if he will be so barbarous as to retain two Women to his private Use ; I will be factious for all distressed Damsels ; who would much rather have their Cause try'd by a full Jury, than a single Judge.

Lop. Well, Sir, I will take your Counsel ; and if I err, the Fault be on Love and you. *[Exit Lop.]*

Bel. Were it not for Love, I would run out of the Town, that's the short on't ; for I have engag'd my self in so many Promises, for the Sun and Moon, and those little Minc'd-meats of 'em, that I must hide before my Day of Payment comes. In the mean time I forget *Theodosia* ; but now I defy the Devil to hinder me.

As he is going out, he meets Aurelia, and almost justles her down. With her Camilla enters.

Aur. What Rudeness is this ?

Bel. Madam *Aurelia*, is it you ?

Aur. Monsieur *Bellamy* !

Bel. The same, Madam.

Aur. My Uncle told me, he left you here : And indeed I came hither to complain of you : For you have treated me so inhumanly, that I have some reason to resent it.

Bel. What Occasion can I have given you for a Complaint ?

Aur. Don *Melchior*, as I am inform'd by my Uncle, is effectively at *Madrid* : So that it was not his Idea, but himself in Person whom I saw ; And since you knew this, why did you conceal it from me ?

Bel. When I spoke with you, I knew it not : But I discover'd it in the Erecting of my Figure. Yet if instead of his Idea, I constrain'd himself to come, in spight of his Resolution to remain conceal'd, I think I have shown a greater Effect of my Art than what I promis'd.

Aur. I render my self to so convincing an Argument : But by over-hearing a Discourse just now betwixt my Cousin.

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Cousin *Theodofia* and her Maid, I find that he has conceal'd himself upon her Account, which has given me Jealousy to the last Point; for to avow an incontestable Truth, my Cousin is furiously handsome.

Bel. Madam, Madam, trust not your Ears too far; she talk'd on purpose, that you might hear her: But I assure you, the true Cause of Don *Melchior*'s Concealment, was not Love of her, but Jealousy of you: He staid in private to observe your Actions: Build upon't, Madam, he is inviolably yours.

Aur. Then will he sacrifice my Cousin to me?

Bel. 'Tis furiously true, Madam.

Aur. O most agreeable Assurance!

Cam. *Albricias*, Madam, for my good News; Don *Melchior* is coming this way; I know him by his Voice; but he is in company with another Person.

Aur. It will not be convenient to give him any Umbrage, by seeing me with another Person: therefore I will go before; do you stay here, and conduct him to my Apartment. Good-night, Sir. [Exit.]

Bel. I have promis'd Don *Lopez*, he shall possess her; and I have promis'd her, she shall possess Don *Melchior*: 'Tis a little difficult, I confess, as to the Matrimonial Part of it: But if Don *Melchior* will be civil to her, and she be civil to Don *Lopez*, my Credit is safe without the Benefit of my Clergy. But all this is nothing to *Theodofia*. [Exit Bel.]

Enter Don Alonzo, and Don Melchior.

Cam. Don *Melchior*, a word in private.

Mel. Your Pleasure, Lady; Sir, I will wait on you immediately.

Cam. I am sent to you from a fair Lady, who bears you no ill Will. You may guess whom I mean.

Mel. Not by my own Merits, but by knowing whom you serve: But I confess, I wonder at her late strange Usage, when she fled from me.

Cam. That was only a Mistake; but I have now, by her Command, been in a thousand Places in quest of you.

Mel. You overjoy me.

Cam.

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Cam. And where amongst the rest do you think, I have been looking you?

Mel. Pray refresh my Memory.

Cam. In that same Street, by that same Shop : you know where by a good Token.

Mel. By what Token?

Cam. Just by that Shop, where, out of your Nobleness, you promis'd me a new Silk Gown.

Mel. O, now I understand you.

Cam. Not that I press you to a Performance —

Mel. Take this, and please your self in the Choice of it ——— [Gives her Money.

Cam. Nay, dear Sir, now you make me blush ; in faith I——am ashamed——I swear, 'tis only because I would keep something for your sake——But my Lady expects you immediately in her Apartment.

Mel. I'll wait on her, if I can possibly —— [Exit *Cam.*] But if I can prevail with Don *Alonzo* for his Daughter, then will I again consider, which of the Ladies best deserves me. [Aside.] — Sir, I beg your Pardon for this Rudeness in leaving you. [To *Alon.*

Alon. I cannot possibly resolve with my self to tell him openly he is a Thief; but I'll gild the Pill for him to swallow. [Aside.

Mel. I believe he has discover'd our Amour : How he surveys me for a Son-in-Law! [Aside.

Alon. Sir, I am sorry for your sake, that true Nobility is not always accompanied with Riches to support it in its Lustre.

Mel. You have a just Exception against the Capriciousness of Destiny ; yet if I were Owner of any noble Qualities, (which I am not) I should not much esteem the Goods of Fortune.

Alon. But pray conceive me, Sir, your Father did not leave you flourishing in Wealth.

Mel. Only a very fair Seat in *Andalusia*, with all the Pleasures imaginable about it : That alone, were my poor Deserts according, which I confess they are not, were enough to make a Woman happy in it.

Alon.

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Alon. But give me leave to come to the Point, I beseech you, Sir. I have lost a Jewel, which I value infinitely, and I hear it is in your Possession: But I accuse your Wants, not you for it.

Mel. Your Daughter is indeed a Jewel, but she were not lost, were she in Possession of a Man of Parts.

Alon. A precious Diamond, Sir ———

Mel. But a Man of Honour, Sir ———

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that a Man of Honour is not capable of an unworthy Action; but therefore I do not accuse you of the Theft, I suppose the Jewel was only put into your Hands.

Mel. By honourable ways, I assure you, Sir.

Alon. Sir, Sir, will you restore my Jewel?

Mel. Will you please, Sir, to give me leave to be the unworthy Possessor of her? I know how to use her with that respect ———

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, but if it belongs to our Family; otherwise I assure you, it were at your Service.

Mel. As it belongs to your Family, I covet it; not that I plead my own Deserts, Sir.

Alon. Sir, I know your Deserts; but, I protest I cannot part with it: For, I must tell you, this Diamond Ring was originally my Great Grandfather's.

Mel. A Diamond Ring, Sir, do you mean? ———

Alon. By your Patience, Sir, when I have done, you may speak your Pleasure. I only lent it to my Daughter: but, how she lost it, and how it came upon your Finger I am yet *in tenebris*.

Mel. Sir ———

Mel. I know it, Sir; but spare your self the trouble, I'll speak for you; you would say you had it from some other Hand; I believe it, Sir.

Mel. But, Sir ———

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, I'll bring you off without your speaking; from another Hand you had it; and now, Sir, as you say, Sir, and as I am saying for you, Sir, you are loth to part with it.

Mel. Good Sir, ———let me ———

Alon.

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Alon. I understand you already, Sir, that you have taken a Fancy to it, and would buy it; but, to that I answer, as I did before, that it is a Relick of my Family: Now, Sir, if you can urge ought farther, you have liberty to speak without Interruption.

Mel. This Diamond you speak on, I confess —

Alon. But, what need you confess, Sir, before you are accus'd?

Mel. You promis'd you would hear me in my Turn, Sir, but —

Alon. But, as you were saying, it is needless, because I have already spoken for you.

Mel. The truth is, Sir, I was too presumptuous to take this Pledge from *Theodosia* without your Knowledge; but, you will pardon the invincible Necessity, when I tell you —

Alon. You need not tell me, I know your Necessity was the Reason of it, and that Place and Opportunity have caus'd your Error.

Mel. This is the goodest old Man I ever knew; he prevents me in my Motion for his Daughter. — Since, Sir, you know the Cause of my Errors, and are pleas'd to lay part of the Blame upon Youth and Opportunity; I beseech you favour me so far, to accept me, as fair *Theodosia* already has —

Alon. I conceive you, Sir, that I would accept of your Excuse: Why, restore the Diamond, and 'tis done.

Mel. More joyfully than I receiv'd it: And with it, I beg the Honour to be receiv'd by you, as your Son-in-Law.

Alon. My Son-in-Law! this is the most pleasant Proposition I ever heard.

Mel. I am proud you think it so; but, I protest, I think not I deserve this Honour.

Alon. Nor I, I assure you, Sir; marry my Daughter, — ha, ha, ha.

Mel. But, Sir.

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that there is too much Hazard in the Profession of a Thief, and therefore you would marry my Daughter to become rich,

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rich, without venturing your Neck for't. I beseech you, Sir, steal on, be apprehended, and if you please, be hang'd, it shall make no breach betwixt us. For my Part, I'll keep your Counsel, and so good Night, Sir.

[Exit Alon.

Mel. Is the Devil in this old Man, first to give me occasion to confess my Love, and, when he knew it, to promise he would keep my Counsel? But, who are these? I'll not be seen; but to my old Appointment with *Theodossia*, and desire her to unriddle it — [Ex. *Mel.*

Enter Maskall, Jacintha, and Beatrix.

Mask. But, Madam, do you take me for a Man of

Jac. No. [Honour?

Mask. Why there's it; if you had, I would have sworn that my Master has neither done nor intended you any Injury; I suppose you'll grant he knew you in your Disguise?

Beat. Nay, to know her, and use her so, is an Aggravation of his Crime.

Mask. Unconscionable *Beatrix*! would you two have all the Carnival to your selves? He knew you, Madam, and was resolv'd to countermine you in all your Plots. But, when he saw you so much piqued, he was too good-natur'd to let you sleep in Wrath, and sent me to you to disabuse you: for, if the Business had gone on till to-morrow, when *Lent* begins, you would have grown so peevish (as all good Catholicks are with fasting) that the Quarrel would never have been ended.

Jac. Well, this mollifies a little: I am content he shall see me.

Mask. But, that you may be sure he knew you, he will bring the Certificate of the Purse along with him.

Jac. I shall be glad to find him innocent.

Enter Wildblood at the other end of the Stage.

Wild. No mortal Man ever threw out so often. It could not be me, it must be the Devil that did it: He took all the Chances, and chang'd 'em after I had thrown 'em: But, I'll be even with him; for, I'll never throw one of his Dice more.

Mask. Madam, 'tis certainly my Master; and he is so
zealous

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zealous to make his Peace, that he could not stay till I call'd him to you ——— Sir.

Wild. Sirrah, I'll teach you more Manners than to leave me another time: You Rogue, you have lost me two hundred Pistoles, you and the Devil your Accomplice; you, by leaving me to my self, and he by tempting me to Play it off.

Mask. Is the Wind in that Door? Here's like to be fine doings.

Wild. O Mischief! am I fallen into her Ambush? I must face it out with another Quarrel ——— [*Aside.*

Jac. Your Man has been treating your Accommodation; 'tis half made already.

Wild. Ay, on your part it may be.

Jac. He says you knew me.

Wild. Yes; I do know you so well, that my poor Heart akes for't: I was going to Bed without telling you my Mind; but, upon Consideration I am come ———

Jac. To bring the Mony with you.

Wild. To declare my Grievances, which are great, and many.

Mask. Well for Impudence, let thee alone.

Wild. As in the first place ———

Jac. I'll hear no Grievances; where's the Mony?

Beat. Ay; keep to that, Madam.

Wild. Do you think me a Person to be so us'd?

Jac. We will not quarrel; where's the Mony?

Wild. By your favour we will quarrel.

Beat. Mony, Mony ———

Wild. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Beat. Mony, Mony, Mony, Mony.

Wild. Do you think it a reasonable thing to put on two Disguises in a Night to tempt a Man? (Help me, *Maskall*, for I want Arguments abominably) I thank Heav'n I was never so barbarously us'd in all my Life.

Jac. He begins to anger me in good earnest.

Mask. A thing so much against the Rules of Modesty: So undecent a thing.

Wild. Ay, so undecent a thing: Nay, now I do not wonder at my self for being angry. And then to won-

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der I should love her in those Disguises? To quarrel at the natural Desires of human Kind, assaulted by powerful Temptations; I am inrag'd at that ———

Jac. Hey day! you had best quarrel too for my bringing you the Mony!

Wild. I have a grudging to you for't: (*Maskall*, the Mony, *Maskall*; now help or we are gone.)

Mask. Would she offer to bring Mony to you? first to affront your Poverty ———

Wild. Ay; to affront my Poverty. But, that's no great matter; and then ———

Mask. And then to bring you Mony. (I stick fast, Sir.)

Wild. (Forward, you Dog, and invent, or I'll cut your Throat;) and then as I was saying, to bring me Mony —

Mask. Which is the greatest and most sweet of all Temptations; and to think you could resist it: Being also aggravated by her Handsomness who brought it.

Wild. Resist it? No; I would she would understand it, I know better what belongs to Flesh and Blood than so.

Beat. to Jac. This is plain Confederacy; I smoke it; he came on purpose to quarrel with you; break first with him, and prevent it.

Jac. If it be come to that once, the Devil take the hindmost; I'll not be last in love; for that will be a Dishonour to my Sex.

Wild. And then ———

Jac. Hold, Sir; there needs no more: You shall fall out; and I'll gratify you with a new Occasion: I only try'd you in hope you would be false; and rather than fail of my Design, brought Gold to bribe you to't.

Beat. As People when they have an ill Bargain, are content to lose by't, that they may get it off their Hands.

Mask. *Beatrix*, while our Principals are engag'd, I hold it not for our Honour to stand idle.

Beat. With all my Heart: Please you let us draw off to some other Ground.

Mask. I dare meet you on any Spot, but one.

Wild. I think we shall do well to put it to an issue; this is the last time you shall ever be troubled with my Addresses.

Jac.

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Jac. The Favour had been greater to have spar'd this too.

Mask. Beatrix, let us dispatch; or they'll break off before us.

Beat. Break as fast as thou wilt, I am as brittle as thou art for thy Heart.

Wild. Because I will absolutely break off with you, I will keep nothing that belongs to you: Therefore take back your Picture, and your Handkerchief.

Jac. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promises. Take 'em in Imagination.

Wild. Not to be behind hand with you in your Frumps, I give you back your Purse of Gold: Take you that — in Imagination.

Jac. To conclude with you, take back your Oaths and Protestations; they are never the worse for the wearing, I assure you: Therefore take 'em, spick and span new, for the use of your next Mistress.

Mask. Beatrix, follow your Leader; here's the sixpenny Whittle you gave me, with the Mutton Haft: I can spare it, for Knives are of little use in *Spain*.

Beat. There's your Cizars with the stinking Brass Chain to 'em: 'Tis well there was no Love betwixt us; for they had been too dull to cut it.

Mask. There's the Dandriff Comb you lent me.

Beat. There's your Ferret Ribbanding for Garters.

Mask. I would never have come so near as to have taken 'em from you.

Beat. For your Letter, I have it not about me; but upon Reputation I'll burn it.

Mask. And for yours, I have already put it to a fitting Employment. — Courage, Sir; how goes the Battel on your Wing?

Wild. Just drawing off on both sides. Adieu *Spain*.

Jac. Farewel, old *England*.

Beat. Come away in Triumph; the Day's your own, Madam.

Mask. I'll bear you off upon my Shoulders, Sir; we have broke their Hearts.

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Wild. Let her go first then; I'll stay, and keep the Honour of the Field.

Jac. I'll not retreat, if you stay 'till Midnight.

Wild. Are you sure then we have done loving?

Jac. Yes, very sure; I think so.

Wild. 'Tis well you are so; for otherwise I feel my Stomach a little maukish. I should have doubted another Fit of Love were coming up.

Jac. No, no; your Inconstancy secures you enough for that.

Wild. That's it which makes me fear my own returning: Nothing vexes me, but that you should part with me so slightly, as though I were not worth your keeping; well, 'tis a sign you never lov'd me.

Jac. 'Tis the least of your Care whether I did or did not: It may be it had been more for the Quiet of my self, if I — but 'tis no matter, I'll not give you that Satisfaction.

Wild. But what's the Reason you will not give it me?

Jac. For the Reason that we are quite broke off.

Wild. Why are we quite broke off?

Jac. Why are we not?

Wild. Well, since 'tis past, 'tis past; but a Pox of all foolish Quarrelling for my part.

Jac. And a Mischief of all foolish Disguisements for my part.

Wild. But if it were to do again with another Mistress, I would e'en plainly confess I had lost my Money.

Jac. And if I had to deal with another Servant, I would learn more Wit than to tempt him in Disguises: For that's to throw a *Venice-Glass* to the Ground, to try if it would not break.

Wild. If it were not to please you, I see no Necessity of our Parting.

Jac. I protest I do it only out of Complaisance to you.

Wild. But if I should play the Fool and ask Pardon, you would refuse it.

Jac. No, never submit, for I should spoil you again with pardoning you.

Mask. Do you hear this, *Beatrix*? They are just upon the
the

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the Point of Accommodation; we must make haste, or they'll make a Peace by themselves; and exclude us from the Treaty.

Beat. Declare your self the Aggressor then; and I'll take you into Mercy.

Wild. The worst that you can say of me is, that I have lov'd you thrice over.

Jac. The prime Articles between *Spain* and *England* are seal'd; for the rest concerning a more strict Alliance, if you please we'll dispute them in the Garden.

Wild. But in the first place let us agree on the Article of Navigation, I beseech you. —

Beat. These Leagues offensive and defensive will be too strict for us, *Maskall*: A Treaty of Commerce will serve our turn.

Mask. With all my Heart; and when our Loves are veering,

We'll make no Words, but fall to privateering.

[*Exeunt, the Men leading the Women.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Lopez, Aurelia, and Camilla.

Lop. 'T IS true, if he had continu'd constant to you, I should have thought my self oblig'd in Honour to be his Friend; but I could no longer suffer him to abuse a Person of your Worth and Beauty with a feign'd Affection.

Aur. But is it possible *Den Melchior* should be false to Love? I'll be sworn I did not imagine such a Treachery could have been in Nature; especially to a Lady who had so oblig'd him.

Lop. 'Twas this, Madam, which gave me the Confidence to wait upon you at an Hour which would be otherwise unseasonable.

Aur. You are the most obliging Person in the World.

R 3

Lop.

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Lop. But to clear it to you that he is false ; he is at this very Minute at an Affignation with your Cousin in the Garden ; I am sure he was endeavouring it not an Hour ago.

Aur. I swear this Evening's Air begins to incommode me extremely with a Cold ; but yet in hope of detecting this perjur'd Man, I am content to stay abroad.

Lop. But withal you must permit me to tell you, Madam, that it is but just I should have some share in a Heart which I endeavour to redeem : In the Law of Arms you know that they who pay the Ransom, have right to dispose of the Prisoner.

Aur. The Prize is so very inconsiderable, that 'tis not worth the claiming.

Lop. If I thought the Boon were small, I would not importune my Princess with the asking it : But since my Life depends upon the Grant ———

Cam. Mam, I must needs tell your Laship, that Don Lopez has deserv'd you : For he has acted all along like a Cavalier ; and more for your Interest than his own ; besides, Mam, Don Melchior is as poor as he is false : For my part I shall ne'er endure to call him Master.

Aur. Don Lopez, go along with me. I can promise nothing, but I swear I will do my best to disingage my Heart from this furious Tender which I have for him.

Cam. If I had been a Man, I could never have forsaken you : Ah those languishing Casts, Mam ; and that pouting Lip of your Laship, like a Cherry-bough weigh'd down with the weight of Fruit.

Aur. And that Sigh too I think is not altogether disagreeable : But something *charmante* and *mignonne*.

Cam. Well, Don Lopez, you'll be but too happy.

Lop. If I were once Possessor ———

Enter Bellamy and Theodosia.

Theo. O we are surpriz'd.

Bel. Fear nothing, Madam, I think I know 'em : Don Lopez ?

Lop. Our famous Astrologer, how come you here ?

Bel. I am infinitely happy to have met you with Donna Aurelia, that you may do me the Favour to satisfy

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sisty this Lady of a Truth which I can scarce persuade her to believe.

Lop. I am glad our Concernments are so equal: For I have the like Favour to ask from Donna *Theodosia*.

Theo. Don *Lopez* is too noble to be refus'd any thing within my Power; and I am ready to do him any Service, after I have ask'd my Cousin if ever Don *Melchior* pretended to her.

Aur. Tis the very Question which I was furiously resolv'd to have ask'd of you.

Theo. I must confess he has made some Professions to me: and withal I will acknowledge my own Weakness so far as to tell you, I have given way he should often visit me, when the World believ'd him absent.

Aur. O Cavalier Astrologer; how have you betray'd me! did you not assure me that Don *Melchior's* Tender and Inclination was for me only?

Bel. I had it from his Star, Madam, I do assure you, and if that twinkled false, I cannot help it: The Truth is, there's no trusting the Planet of an inconstant Man: He was moving to you when I look'd on't, and if since it has chang'd the Course, I am not to be blam'd for't.

Lop. Now, Madam, the Truth is evident. And for this Cavalier, he might easily be deceiv'd in *Melchior*, for I dare affirm it to you both, he never knew to which of you he was most inclin'd: For he visited one, and writ Letters to the other.

Bel. to Theo. Then, Madam, I must claim your Promise, (since I have discover'd to you that Don *Melchior* is unworthy of your Favours) that you would make me happy, who amongst my many Imperfections can never be guilty of such a Falsehood.

Theo. If I have been deceiv'd in *Melchior* whom I have known so long, you cannot reasonably expect I should trust you at a Day's Acquaintance.

Bel. For that, Madam, you may know as much of me in a Day as you can in all your Life: All my Humours circulate like my Blood, at farthest within twenty four Hours. I am plain and true, like all my Countrymen; you see to the bottom of me as easily as you do to the Gravel of a clear Stream in Autumn.

R. 4.

Lop.

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Lop. You plead so well, Sir, that I desire you would speak for me too: My Cause is the same with yours, only it has not so good an Advocate.

Aur. Since I cannot make my self happy, I will have the Glory to felicitate another: And therefore I declare I will reward the Fidelity of Don *Lopez*.

Theo. All that I can say at present is, that I will never be Don *Melchior*'s: The rest Time and your Service must make out.

Bel. I have all I can expect, to be admitted as eldest Servant; as Preferment falls, I hope you will remember my Seniority.

Cam. Don *Melchior*.

Aur. Cavaliers, retire a little; we shall see to which of us he will make his Court. [*The Men withdraw.*]

Enter Don Melchior.

Don *Melchior*, I thought you had been a-bed before this time.

Mel. Fair *Aurelia*, this is a Blessing beyond Expectation, to see you again so soon.

Aur. What important Business brought you hither?

Mel. Only to make my Peace with you before I slept. You know you are the Saint to whom I pay my Devotions.

Aur. And yet it was beyond your Expectances to meet me? This is furiously incongruous.

Theo. advancing. Don *Melchior*, whither were you bound so late?

Mel. What shall I say? I am so confounded, that I know not to which of them I should excuse my self.

[*Aside.*]

Theo. Pray answer me truly to one Question: Did you never make any Addresses to my Cousin?

Mel. Fy, fy, Madam, there's a Question indeed.

Aur. How, Monster of Ingratitude, can you deny the Declaration of your Passion to me?

Mel. I say nothing, Madam.

Theo. Which of us is it for whom you are concern'd?

Mel. For that, Madam, you must excuse me; I have more Discretion than to boast a Lady's Favour.

Aur.

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Aur. Did you counterfeit an Address to me?

Mel. Still I say nothing, Madam; but I will satisfy either of you in private; for these Matters are too tender for publick Discourse.

Enter Lopez and Bellamy hastily with their Swords drawn.

Bellamy and Lopez! This is strange!

Lop. Ladies, we would not have disturb'd you, but as we were walking to the Garden Door, it open'd suddenly against us, and we confus'dly saw by Moon-light some Persons entring, but who they were we know not.

Bel. You had best retire into the Garden-house, and leave us to take our Fortunes, without Prejudice to your Reputations.

Enter Wildblood, Maskall, Jacintha, and Beatrix.

Wild. to Jacintha entring. Do not fear Madam, I think I heard my Friend's Voice.

Bel. Marry hang you, is it you that have given us this hot Alarm?

Wild. There's more in't than you imagine, the whole House is up: For seeing you two, and not knowing you, after I had enter'd the Garden-Door, I made too much haste to get out again, and have left the Key broken in it. With the Noise one of the Servants came running in, whom I forc'd back; and doubtless he is gone for Company, for you may see Lights running through every Chamber.

Theo. Jac. What will become of us?

Bel. We must have recourse to our former Resolution. Let the Ladies retire into the Garden-house. And now I think on't, you Gentlemen shall go in with 'em, and leave me and *Maskall* to bear the Brunt on't.

Mask. Me, Sir? I beseech you let me go in with the Ladies too; dear *Beatrix* speak a good Word for me, I protest 'tis more out of Love to thy Company than for any Fear I have.

Bel. You Dog, I have need of your Wit and Counsel. We have no time to deliberate. Will you stay, Sir?

[To Maskall.]
Mask. No, Sir, 'tis not for my Safety.

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Bel Will you in, Sir?

[*To Melchior.*

Mel. No, Sir, 'tis not for my Honour, to be assisting to you: I'll to Don *Alonso*, and help to revenge the Injury you are doing him.

Bel. Then we are lost, I can do nothing.

Wild. Nay, and you talk of Honour, by your leave, Sir. I hate your *Spanish* Honour ever since it spoil'd our *English* Plays, with Faces about and t'other side.

[*Falls upon him and throws him down.*

Mel. What do you mean, you will not murder me? Must Valour be oppress'd by Multitudes?

Wild. Come yarely, my Mates, every Man to his share of the Burthen. Come yarely hay.

[*The four Men take him each by a Limb, and carry him out, he crying Murder.*

Theo. If this *Englishman* save us now, I shall admire his Wit.

Beat. Good Wits never think themselves admir'd till they are well rewarded: You must pay him in *Specie*, Madam, give him Love for his Wit.

[*Enter the Men again.*

Bel. Ladies fear nothing, but enter into the Garden-house with these Cavaliers —

Mask. Oh that I were a Cavalier too!

[*Is going with them.*

Bel. Come you back, Sirra. [*Stops him.*] Think your selves as safe as in a Sanctuary, only keep quiet, whatever happens.

Jac. Come away then, they are upon us.

[*Exeunt all but Bel. and Mask.*

Mask. Hark, I hear the Foe coming: Methinks they threaten too, Sir; pray let me go in for a Guard to the Ladies and poor *Beatrix*. I can fight much better when there is a Wall betwixt me and Danger.

Bel. Peace, I have occasion for your Wit to help me to lye.

Mask. Sir upon the Faith of a Sinner, you have had my last Lye already; I have not one more to do me Credit, as I hope to be sav'd, Sir.

Bel. *Victore, Victore*; knock under, you Rogue, and confess me Conqueror, and you shall see I'll bring all off.

Enter

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Enter Don Alonzo and six Servants; with Lights, and Swords drawn.

Alon. Search about there.

Bel. Fear nothing, do but vouch what I shall say.

Mask. For a passive Lye I can yet do something.

Alon. Stand: Who goes there?

Bel. Friends.

Alon. Friends? Who are you?

Bel. Noble Don *Alonzo*, such as are watching for your Good.

Alon. Is it you, Sennor *Jugles*? Why all this Noise and Tumult? Where are my Daughters and my Niece? But in the first place, though last nam'd, how came you hither, Sir?

Bel. I came hither — by Astrology, Sir.

Mask. My Master's in, Heavens send him good shipping with his Lye, and all kind Devils stand his Friends.

Alon. How! by Astrology, Sir? Meaning you came hither by Art Magick.

Bel. I say by pure Astrology, Sir; I foresaw by my Art, a little after I had left you, that your Niece and Daughters would this Night run a Risque of being carried away from this very Garden.

Alon. O the Wonders of this Speculation!

Bel. Thereupon I call'd immediately for my Sword, and came in all haste to advertise you; but I see there's no resisting Destiny, for just as I was entering the Garden Door, I met the Women with their Gallants all under sail, and outward bound.

Mask. Thereupon what does me he but draws by my Advice —

Bel. How now, Mr. Rascal? Are you itching to be in?

Mask. Pray, Sir, let me go snip with you in this Lye, and be not too covetous of Honour. You know I never stood with you; now my Courage is come to me, I cannot resist the Temptation.

Bel. Content; tell on.

Mask. So in short, Sir, we drew, first I, and then my Master; but, being overpower'd, they have escap'd us, so that I think you may go to Bed and trouble your self no further, for gone they are.

Bel.

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Bel. You tell a Lye! you have curtail'd my Invention : You are not fit to invent a Lye for a Bawd, when she would wheedle a young Squire.

Alon. Call up the Officers of Justice, I'll have the Town search'd immediately.

Bel. 'Tis in vain, Sir ; I know by my Art you'll never recover 'em : Besides, 'tis an Affront to my Friends the Stars, who have otherwise dispos'd of 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Key is broken in the Garden-door, and the Door lock'd, so that of necessity they must be in the Garden yet.

Alon. Disperse your selves, some into the Wilderness, some into the Alleys, and some into the Parterre : You *Diego*, go try to get out the Key, and run to the Corrigidor for his Assistance : In the mean time I'll search the Garden-house my self. [*Ex. all the Servants but one.*]

Mask. I'll be unbetted again if you please, Sir, and leave you all the Honour of it. [*To Bellamy aside.*]

Alon. Come Cavalier, let us in together.

Bel. holding him. Hold, Sir, for the love of Heav'n, you are not mad !

Alon. We must leave no Place unsearch'd. A Light there.

Bel. Hold I say, do you know what you are undertaking ? and have you arm'd your self with Resolution for such an Adventure ?

Alon. What Adventure ?

Bel. A Word in private — The Place you would go into is full of Enchantments ; there are at this time, for ought I know, a Legion of Spirits in it.

Alon. You confound me with Wonder, Sir !

Bel. I have been making there my Magical Operations, to know the Event of your Daughters Flight : And to perform it rightly, have been forc'd to call up Spirits of several Orders ; and there they are humming like a Swarm of Bees, some stalking about upon the Ground, some flying, and some sticking upon the Walls like *Rear-mice*.

Mask. The Devil's in him, he's got off again.

Alon.

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Alon. Now, Sir, I shall try the Truth of your Friendship to me. To confess the Secret of my Soul to you, I have all my Life been curious to see a Devil: And to that purpose have con'd *Agrippa* through and through, and made Experiment of all his Rules *Pari die & incremento Lunæ*, and yet could never compass the sight of one of these *Dæmoniums*: If you will ever oblige me, let it be on this Occasion.

Mask. There's another Storm arising:

Bel. You shall pardon me, Sir, I'll not expose you to that Peril for the World, without due Preparations of Ceremony.

Alon. For that, Sir, I always carry a Talisman about me; that will secure me; And therefore I will venture in, a God's Name, and defy 'em all at once. [*Going in.*]

Mask. How the Pox will he get off from this?

Bel. Well, Sir, since you are so resolv'd, send off your Servant, that there may be no Noise made on't, and we'll take our Venture.

Alon. Pedro, leave your Light, and help the Fellows to search the Garden. [*Ex. Servant.*]

Mask. What does my incomprehensible Master mean?

Bel. Now I must tell you, Sir, you will see that which will very much astonish you, if my Art fail me not. [*Goes to the Door.*] You Spirits and Intelligences that are within there, stand close, and silent, at your Peril, and fear nothing, but appear in your own Shapes, boldly.—

Maskall, open the Door.

[*Maskall goes to one Side of the Scene, which draws, and discovers Theo. Jac. Aur. Beat. Cam. Lop. Wild. standing all without Motion in a rank.*]

Now, Sir, what think you?

Alon. They are here, they are here: We need search no farther. Ah you ungracious Baggages!

[*Going toward them.*]

Bel. Stay, or you'll be torn in pieces: These are the very Shapes I conjur'd up, and truly represent to you in what Company your Niece and Daughters are, this very Moment:

Alon. Why, are they not they? I durst have sworn that

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that some of 'em had been my own Flesh and Blood——
Look; one of them is just like that Rogue your Comrade.

[Wildblood shakes his Head and frowns at him.

Bel. Do you see how you have provok'd that *English* Devil? Take heed of him; if he gets you once into his Clutches: —— [Wildblood embracing *Jacintha*.

Alon. He seems to have got Possession of the Spirit of my *Jacintha*, by his hugging her.

Bel. Nay, I imagin'd as much: Do but look upon his Physiognomy, you have read *Baptista Porta*: Has he not the Leer of a very lewd debauch'd Spirit?

Alon. He has indeed: Then there's my Niece *Aurelia*, with the Spirit of *Don Lopez*; but that's well enough; and my Daughter *Theodosia* all alone: Pray how comes that about?

Bel. She's provided for with a Familiar too: One that is in this very Room with you, and by your Elbow; but I'll shew you him some other time.

Alon. And that Baggage *Beatrix*, how I would swinge her if I had her here; I'll lay my Life she was in the Plot for the flight of her Mistresses.

[*Beat.* claps her Hands at him.

Bel. Sir, you do ill to provoke her: For being the Spirit of a Woman, she is naturally mischievous: You see she can scarce hold her Hands from you already.

Mask. Let me alone to revenge your Quarrel upon: *Beatrix*: If e'er she come to light, I'll take a Course with her, I warrant you, Sir.

Bel. Now come away, Sir, you have seen enough: The Spirits are in pain whilst we are here: We keep 'em too long condens'd in Bodies: If we were gone, they would rarify into Air immediately. *Maskall*, shut the Door.

[*Maskall* goes to the Scene and it closes.

Alon. *Monstrum hominis!* O Prodigy of Science!

Enter two Servants with Don Melchior.

Bel. Now help me with a Lye, *Maskall*, or we are lost.

Mask. Sir, I could never lie with Man or Woman in a fright.

Serv. Sir, we found this Gentleman bound and gagg'd, and he desir'd us to bring him to you with all haste imaginable.

Mel.

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Mel. O Sir, Sir, your two Daughters and your Niece—

Bel. They are gone, he knows it : But are you mad, Sir, to set this pernicious Wretch at liberty ?

Mel. I endeavour'd all that I was able——

Mask. Now, Sir, I have it for you—— [*Aside to his Master.*] He was endeavouring indeed to have got away with 'em : For your Daughter *Theodofia* was his Prize. But we prevented him, and left him in the Condition in which you see him.

Alon. I thought somewhat was the matter, that *Theodofia* had not a Spirit by her, as her Sister had.

Bel. This was he I meant to shew you.

Mel. Do you believe him, Sir ?

Bel. No, no, believe him, Sir : You know his Truth, ever since he stole your Daughter's Diamond.

Mel. I swear to you by my Honour——

Alon. Nay, a Thief I knew him, and yet after that he had the Impudence to ask me for my Daughter.

Bel. Was he so impudent ? The Case is plain, Sir, put him quickly into Custody.

Mel. Hear me but one Word, Sir, and I'll discover all to you.

Bel. Hear him not, Sir : For my Art assures me if he speaks one Syllable more, he will cause great Mischief.

Alon. Will he so ? I'll stop my Ears, away with him.

Mel. Your Daughters are yet in the Garden, hidden by this Fellow and his Acomplices.

Alon. at the same time drowning him. I'll stop my Ears, I'll stop my Ears.

Bel. *Mask,* at the same time also. A Thief, a Thief, away with him. [*Servants carry Melchior off struggling.*]

Alon. He thought to have born us down with his Confidence.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, with much ado we have got out the Key and open'd the Door.

Alon. Then, as I told you, run quickly to the Corridor, and desire him to come hither in Person to examine a Malefactor. [*Wildblood sneezes within.*] Hark ! what Noise is that within ? I think one sneezes.

Bel.

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Bel. One of the Devils I warrant you has got a Cold, with being so long out of the Fire.

Alon. Bless his Devilship, as I may say.

[Wildblood sneezes again.]

Serv. to Don Alonzo. This is a Man's Voice; do not suffer your self to be deceiv'd so grossly, Sir.

Mask. A Man's Voice, that's a good one indeed! that you should live to these Years, and yet be so silly as not to know a Man from a Devil.

Alon. There's more in't than I imagin'd: Hold up your Torch and go in first, *Pedro*, and I'll follow you.

Mask. No, let me have the Honour to be your Usher.

[Takes the Torch and goes in.]

Mask. within. Help! help, help!

Alon. What's the Matter?

Bel. Stir not upon your Life, Sir.

Enter Maskall again without the Torch.

Mask. I was no sooner enter'd, but a huge Giant seiz'd my Torch, and fell'd me along, with the very Whiff of his Breath as he pass'd by me.

Alon. Bless us!

Bel. at the Door to them within. Pass out now while you have time in the dark: The Officers of Justice will be here immediately, the Garden-door is open for you.

Alon. What are you muttering there, Sir?

Bel. Only dismissing these Spirits of Darkness, that they may trouble you no further: Go out, I say.

[They all come out upon the Stage, groping their way.]

Wildblood falls into Alonzo's Hands.

Alon. I have caught some Body; are these your Spirits? Another Light quickly, *Pedro*.

Mask. slipping between Alonzo and Wildblood. 'Tis Maskall you have caught, Sir; do you mean to strangle me, that you press me so hard between your Arms?

Alon. letting Wildblood go. Is it thee, Maskall? I durst have sworn it had been another.

Bel. Make haste now, before the Candle comes.

[Aurelia falls into Alonzo's Arms.]

Alon. Now I have another.

Aur. 'Tis Maskall you have caught, Sir.

Alon.

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Alon. No, I thank you, Niece, this Artifice is too gross! I know your Voice a little better. What ho, bring Lights there.

Bel. Her Impertinence has ruin'd all.

Enter Servants with Lights and Swords drawn.

Serv. Sir, the Corrigidor is coming according to your Desire: In the mean time we have secur'd the Garden Doors.

Alon. I am glad on't: I'll make some of 'em severe Examples.

Wild. Nay, then as we have liv'd merrily, so let us die together: But we'll shew the Don some Sport first.

Theo. What will become of us!

Jac. We'll die for Company: Nothing vexes me, but that I am not a Man to have one Thrust at that malicious old Father of mine, before I go.

Lop. Let us break our way through the Corrigidor's Band.

Jac. A match i'faith: We'll venture our Bodies with you: You shall put the Baggage in the Middle.

Wild. He that pierces thee, I say no more, but I shall be somewhat angry with him: — [*To Alonzo.*] In the mean time I arrest you, Sir, in the behalf of this good Company. As the Corrigidor uses us, so we'll use you.

Alon. You do not mean to murder me!

Bel. You murder your self, if you force us to it.

Wild. Give me a Razor there, that I may scrape his Weefand, that the Bristles may not hinder me, when I come to cut it.

Bel. What need you bring matters to that Extremity? you have your Ransom in your Hand: Here are three Men, and there are three Women; you understand me.

Jac. If not, here's a Sword, and there's a Throat. You understand me.

Alon. This is very hard!

Theo. The Propositions are good, and Marriage is as honourable as it us'd to be.

Beat. You had best let your Daughters live branded with the Name of Strumpets: For whatever befalls the Men, that will be sure to be their Share.

Alon.

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Alon. I can put them into a Nunnery.

All the Women. A Nunnery!

Jac. I would have thee to know, thou graceless old Man, that I defie a Nunnery: Name a Nunnery once more, and I disown thee for my Father.

Lop. You know the Custom of the Country, in this case, Sir: 'Tis either Death or Marriage: The Business will certainly be publick; and if they die, they have sworn you shall bear 'em company.

Alon. Since it must be so, run *Pedro*, and stop the Corrigidor: Tell him it was only a Carnival Merriment, which I mistook for a Rape and Robbery.

Jac. Why now you are a dutiful Father again, and I receive you into Grace.

Bel. Among the rest of your Mistakes, Sir, I must desire you to let my Astrology pass for one: My Mathematicks, and Art Magick were only a Carnival Device; and now that's ending, I have more mind to deal with the Flesh, than with the Devil.

Alon. No Astrologer! 'tis impossible!

Mask. I have known him Sir, this seven Years, and dare take my Oath, he has been always an utter Stranger to the Stars: And indeed to any thing that belongs to Heav'n.

Lop. Then I have been cozen'd among the rest.

Theo. And I; but I forgive him.

Beat. I hope you will forgive me, Madam; who have been the Cause on't: but what he wants in Astrology, he shall make up to you some other way, I'll pass my Word for him.

Alon. I hope you are both Gentlemen?

Bel. As good as the Cid himself, Sir.

Alon. And for your Religion, right *Romans*——

Wild. As ever was *Marc Antony*.

Alon. For your Fortunes and Courages——

Mask. They are both desperate, Sir; especially their Fortunes.

Theo. to Bel. You should not have had my Consent so soon, but only to revenge my self upon the Fallens of *Don Melchior*.

Aur.

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Aur. I must avow, that Gratitude for Don *Lopez* is as prevalent with me, as Revenge against Don *Melchior*.

Alon. Lent, you know, begins to-morrow; when that's over, Marriage will be proper.

Jac. If I stay till after Lent, I shall be to marry when I have no Love left: I'll not bate you an Ace of to-Night, Father; I mean to bury this Man ere Lent be done, and get me another before *Easter*.

Alon. Well, make a Night on't then.

[*Giving his Daughters.*]

Wild. *Jacintha Wildblood*, welcome to me: Since our Stars have doom'd it so, we cannot help it: But 'twas a meer Trick of Fate to catch us thus at unawares: To draw us in, with a what do you lack, as we pass'd by: Had we once separated to-night, we should have had more Wit, than ever to have met again to-morrow.

Jac. 'Tis true, we shot each other flying: We were both upon the Wing, I find; and had we pass'd this critical Minute, I should have gone for the *Indies*, and you for *Greenland*, ere we had met in a Bed, upon Consideration.

Mask. You have quarrell'd twice to-Night without Bloodshed, 'ware the third time.

Jac. *A propos!* I have been retrieving an old Song of a Lover, that was ever quarrelling with his Mistress: I think it will fit our Amour so well, that if you please, I'll give it you for an Epithalamium: And you shall sing it.

[*Gives him a Paper.*]

Wild. I never sung in all my Life; nor ever durst try, when I was alone, for fear of Braying.

Jac. Just me, up and down; but for a Frolick, let's sing together: For I am sure, if we cannot sing now, we shall never have cause when we are married.

Wild. Begin then; give me my Key, and I'll set my Voice to't.

Jac. Fa la, fa la, fa la.

Wild. Fala, fala, fala. Is this your best, upon the Faith of a Virgin?

Jac. Ay, by the Muses, I am at my Pitch.

Wild. Then do your worst: And let the Company be judge who sings worst.

Jac.

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Jac. Upon Condition the best Singer shall wear the Breeches : Prepare to strip, Sir ; I shall put you into your Drawers presently.

Wild. I shall be reveng'd, with putting you into your Smock anon ; St. George for me.

Jac. St. *James* for me : Come start, Sir.

S O N G.

Damon. Celimena, of my Heart
None shall e'er bereave you :
If, with your good Leave, I may
Quarrel with you once a Day,
I will never leave you.

Celimena. Passion's but an empty Name,
Where Respect is wanting :
Damon, you mistake your Aim :
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,
If you must be ranting.

Damon. Love as dull and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor :
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

Celimena. Love by Quarrels to beget
Wisely you endeavour ;
With a grave Physician's Wit,
Who to cure an Ague Fit
Puts me in a Fever.

Damon. Anger rouses Love to fight,
And his only Bait is,
'Tis the Spur to dull Delight,
And is but an eager Bite,
When Desire at Height is.

Celimena. If such Drops of Heat can fall
In our Wooing Weather :
If such Drops of Heat can fall,
We shall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

Wild.

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Wild. Your Judgment, Gentlemen; a Man, or a Maid?

Bel. And you make no better Harmony after you are married than you have before, you are the miserablest Couple in Christendom.

Wild. 'Tis no great matter; if I had had a good Voice, she would have spoil'd it before to-morrow.

Bel. When *Maskall* has married *Beatrix*, you may learn of her.

Mask. You shall put her Life into a Lease then.

Wild. Upon Condition, that when I drop into your House from hunting, I may set my Slippers at your Door, as a *Turk* does at a *Jew's*, that you may not enter.

Theo. And while you refresh your self within, he shall wind the Horn without.

Mask. I'll throw up my Lease first.

Bel. Why, thou would'st not be so impudent, to marry *Beatrix* for thy self only?

Beat. For all his ranting and tearing now, I'll pass my Word he shall degenerate into as tame and peaceable a Husband, as a civil Woman would wish to have.

Enter Don Melchior with a Servant.

Mel. Sir —

Alon. I know what you would say, but your Discovery comes too late now.

Mel. Why, the Ladies are found.

Aur. But their Inclinations are lost, I can assure you.

Jac. Look you, Sir, there goes the Game: Your Plate-Fleet is divided; half for *Spain*, and half for *England*.

Theo. You are justly punish'd for loving two.

Mel. Yet I have the Comfort of a cast Lover: I will think well of my self; and despise my Mistresses. [*Exit.*]

D A N C E.

Bel. Enough, enough; let's end the Carnival a-bed.

Wild. And for these Gentlemen, whene'er they try,
May they all speed as soon, and well as I.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I.



EPILOGUE.

M*Y Part being small, I have had time to-day,
To mark your various Censures of our Play.
First, looking for a Judgment or a Wit,
Like Jews I saw 'em scatter'd through the Pit:
And where a Knot of Smilers lent an Ear
To one that talk'd, I knew the Foe was there.
The Club of Jestis went round; he who had none,
Borrow'd o' th' next, and told it for his own:
Among the rest they kept a fearful Stir,
In whiff'ring that he stole th' Astrologer;
And said, betwixt a French and English Plot
He eas'd his half-tir'd Muse, on Pace and Trot.
Up starts a Monsieur, new come o'er, and warm
In the French Stoop, and the Pull-back o' th' Arm;
Morableu, dit-il, and cocks, I am a Rogue,
But he has quite spoil'd the feign'd Astrologue.
'Pax, says another; here's so great a Stir
With a Son of a Whore Farce that's regular,
A Rule where nothing must decorum shock!
Dam' me 'ts as dull as dining by the Clock.
An Evening! Why the Devil should we be vex'd,
Whether he gets the Wench this Night or next?
When I heard this, I to the Poet went,
Told him the House was full of Discontent,
And ask'd him what Excuse he could invent.
He neither swore or storm'd, as Poets do,
But, most unlike an Author, vow'd 'twas true.*



Yet

EPILOGUE.

*Yet said, he us'd the French like Enemies,
And did not steal their Plots, but made 'em Prize.
But should he all the Pains and Charges count
Of taking 'em, the Bill so high wou'd mount,
That, like Prize-goods, which through the Office come,
He could have had 'em much more cheap at home.
He still must write; and Banquier-like each Day
Accept new Bills, and he must break, or pay.
When through his Hands such Sums must yearly run,
You cannot think the Stock is all his own.
His Haste his other Errors might excuse;
But there's no Mercy for a guilty Muse:
For, like a Mistress, she must stand or fall,
And please you to a Height, or not at all.*





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